

THE
W O R K S
OF
V I R G I L:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY MR. DRYDEN.

237 d 24

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

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SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW,
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AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERRY. 1790.



THE
TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE THIRD VOLUME OF
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.



[1]

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneis erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Lati-
us calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to heaven perform'd a victor's vow: 5
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.

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B

The

The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
 Now on a naked shag in triumph borne, 10
 Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.

Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;
 His brazen buckler on the left was seen; 15

Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
 And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
 And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
 A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man:
 Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began: 20

Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
 The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
 Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
 Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
 Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies, 25
 As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.

Turnus shall stand extended on the plain;
 And in this omen is already slain.
 Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
 That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance: 30
 And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
 Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.

Mean time the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
 Due to your dead companions of the war:
 The last respect the living can bestow, 35
 To shield their shadows from contempt below.

That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
 And which for us with their own blood they bought.

But

But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send: 40
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd 45
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:

Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair. 50
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.

They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound

Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55

And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:

First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:

Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best! 60

She came; but brought not thee along, to bless

My longing eyes, and share in my success:

She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due

To prosperous valour, in the public view.

Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent 65

Thy needless succour with a sad consent;

Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,

And sent me to possess a large command.

He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
 Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold: 70
 And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
 Rich odours on his loadèd altars burn;
 While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
 To send him back his portion of the war;
 A bloody breathless body: which can owe 75
 No farther debt, but to the powers below.
 The wretched father, ere his race is run,
 Shall view the funeral honours of his son.
 These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
 Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care. 80
 And yet, unhappy Sire, thou shalt not see
 A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
 Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
 Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
 He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late, 85
 Thou had'st not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
 But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!
 Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
 To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90
 And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
 To bear him back, and share Evander's grief
 (A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier; 95
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
 The body on this rural herse is born,
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
 New crompt by virgin hands, to dress the bower: 100
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
 No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.
 Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
 For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
 One vest array'd the corpse, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
 That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110
 Besides the spoils of foes in battle slain,
 When he descended on the Latian plain:
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
 In long array (th' atchievements of the dead).
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
 Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
 To sprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
 Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn; 120
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
 Accetes on his pupil's corpse attends,
 With feeble steps; supported by his friends:
 Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd, 125
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
 Where groveling, while he lies in deep despair,
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.

The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
 To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state, 131
 Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
 He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
 The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest, 135
 Are borne behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.
 The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound,
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
 Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,
 To Pallantean towers direct their course, 140
 In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
 Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
 The public care, he said, which war attends,
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends;
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell; 145
 Hail holy relicks, and a last farewell!
 He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
 Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
 A truce, with olive branches in their hand. 150
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
 They plead, that none those common rites deny
 To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
 All cause of hate was ended in their death; 155
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
 A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request:
 Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
 The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd: 160
 O Latian princes, how severe a fate
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state!
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,
 Who fought your friendship ere the war began!
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give, 165
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.
 I came not hither but by heaven's command,
 And sent by Fate to share the Latian land.
 Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride. 170
 Left me for Turnus; Turnus then should try
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
 My right and his are in dispute: the slain
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
 In equal arms let us alone contend; 175
 And let him vanquish, whom his Fates befriend.
 This is the way, so tell him, to possess
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
 Bear this my message back; with ample leave
 That your slain friends may funeral-rites receive. 180
 Thus having said, th' ambassadors amaz'd,
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
 Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
 Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
 Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, 185
 With graceful action bowing, thus began:
 Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
 But yet whose actions far transcend your fame:

Would I your justice or your force express,
 Thought can but equal; and all words are less: 190
 Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And favours granted to the Latian state:
 If wish'd success your labour shall attend,
 Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
 Let Turnus leave the realm to your command: 195
 And seek alliance in some other land:
 Build you the city which your Fates assign:
 We shall be proud in the great work to join.
 Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
 The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made. 200
 Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
 Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
 Mix'd in the woods, for funeral piles prepare,
 To fell the timber, and forget the war.
 Loud axes through the groaning groves resound: 205
 Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
 Firs fall from high: and some the trunks receive,
 In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.
 And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
 Through the short circuit of th' Arcadian town, 210
 Of Pallas slain: by Fame, which just before
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze: 215
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sullen splendor on their friends
 (The marching troop which their dread prince attends),

Both

Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply: 220
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky. }
 The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
 Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng: 225
 Falls on the corpse, and groaning there he lies,
 With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes:
 Short sighs and sobs succeed: till sorrow breaks
 A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.
 O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word! 230
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
 I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
 That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
 Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war! 235
 O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
 Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
 Hard elements of inauspicious war,
 Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
 Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240
 Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
 Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,
 To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
 Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
 My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon. 245
 If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,
 Amid their weapons I had found my fate,

(Deserv'd

(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
 A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
 Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid, 250
 Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
 'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
 But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
 Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
 At least he led the way to victory: 255
 First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before: }
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
 Content with those the Trojan hero gave. 260
 That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd;
 In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd:
 Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
 Then let thy own atchievements be thy share.
 Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood, 265
 Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.
 If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
 But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
 These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain!
 Go, friends, this message to your lord relate; 271
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
 And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
 I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head 275
 Is owing to the living and the dead:
 My

My son and I expect it from his hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more : but I would gladly go,
 To greet my Pallas with such news below. 280

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
 Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:
 The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
 To raise the piles along the winding strand: 284.
 Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
 Black smouldring smoke from the green wood expires; }
 The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires. }

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
 (For ancient custom had ordain'd it so).

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led, 290
 And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.

Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.

Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe; 295

Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,
 One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:

Some to their fellows their own arms restore:

The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore:

Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,

And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain, 301

Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,

And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.

Around the piles a careful troop attends,

To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning
 friends.

Lingering

Lingering along the shore, till dewy night 306
New decks the face of heaven with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid; 310
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.

The corpse of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are bury'd in the town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315

Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires. }

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night; 320
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain:

They rake the yet warm ashes, from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These relicks with their country rites they grace;
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place. 326

But in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons. 330
All in that universal sorrow share,

And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly fought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These

These are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim. 336

Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,

Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:

His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:

'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve. 340

This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spight,

His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.

Nor Turnus wants a party, to support

His cause and credit, in the Latian court.

His former acts secure his present fame; 345

And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn;

The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:

Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost,

And care employ'd, their embassy is lost: 350

That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;

Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to prayer.

Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought;

Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late 355

A foreign son is pointed out by fate:

And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,

The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.

The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,

When late their titles in the field were try'd: 360 }

Witness the fresh laments, and funeral tears undry'd. }

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all

The Latian senate to the council-hall:

The

The princes come, commanded by their head,
 And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365
 Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
 He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:
 Majestically sad, he sits in state,
 And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound 370
 Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
 We have, said he, perform'd your high command:
 And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
 We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
 The Grecian tents and rising towers beheld. 375
 Great Diomedes has compass'd round with walls
 The city, which Argyrion he calls;
 From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
 The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
 When introduc'd, our presents first we bring, 380
 Then crave an instant audience from the king:
 His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;
 And tell th' important cause for which we came.
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
 Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385
 Made this return: Ausonian race, of old
 Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
 What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
 To change for war hereditary rest?
 Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword 390
 (A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd).
 We (for myself I speak, and all the name
 Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came)

Omitting

Omitting those who were in battle slain,
 Or borne by rolling Simois to the main: 395
 Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
 The prize of honour which in arms he fought,
 Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driven,
 Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:
 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400
 As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
 Witnesses the vessels by Minerva tofs'd
 In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast;
 Th' Eubæan rocks; the prince, whose brother led
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, 405
 In Egypt lost; Ulysses, with his men,
 Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
 Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,
 Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again? }
 Or young Achilles, by his rival slain? 410 }
 Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
 Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
 The proud revenger of another's wife,
 Yet by his own adulterers lost his life:
 Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy 415
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
 The Gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
 My much-lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
 Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
 Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly: 420
 Hovering about the coasts they make their moan;
 And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.

What

What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
 Break my short sleep, and skim before my fight!
 I might have promis'd to myself those harms, 425
 Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
 Presum'd against immortal powers to move,
 And violate with wounds the queen of love.
 Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
 No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430
 I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
 To think of past events, or good or bad.
 Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
 To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
 We met in fight, I know him to my cost; 435
 With what a whirling force his lance he tofs'd:
 Heavens! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
 How high he held his shield, and rose at every blow!
 Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
 They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight: 440
 Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd:
 Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
 The long defence the Trojan people made,
 The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
 Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand; 445
 Both brave alike, and equal in command:
 Æneas not inferior in the field,
 In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
 Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
 Th' impending dangers of a fatal war. 450
 He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
 Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus

Thus Venulus concluded his report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:

As when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455

And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;

The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,

Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:

White foam in gathering eddies floats around:

The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. 460

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne

The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:

I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate

Had been resolv'd before it was too late:

Much better had it been for you and me, 465

Unforc'd by this our last necessity,

To have been earlier wise; than now to call

A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.

O citizens! we wage unequal war,

With men, not only heaven's peculiar care, 470

But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,

Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.

What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:

Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.

Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475

You see too well; nor need my words explain.

Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate,

Factions within, a foe without the gate;

Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,

With manly force, and with undaunted hearts: 480

With our united strength the war we wag'd;

With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:

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C

You

You see th' event—Now hear what I propose,
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd 485
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the West,
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
 If you consent, the Trojan shall command; 490
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share.
 There let them build, and settle, if they please;
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote of Italy; 495
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
 Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need;
 Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood: 500
 Let them the number, and the form assign;
 'The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
 To treat the peace, a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample powers; 505
 With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
 A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs
 wear;
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.
 Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long since
 The rising glories of the Daunian prince. 510

Factionous and rich, beld at the council-board,
 But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
 Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
 But what his father's parentage, unknown.
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
 'To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king! said he, your words contain,
 As strike the sense, and all replies are vain: 520

Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
 What common needs require; but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
 Whose pride this inauspicious war began:

For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525
 Fear set apart, though death is in my way)
 The plains of Latium run with blood around;
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground:

Dejected grief in every face appears;
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears. 530

While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
 The man who menaces the gods with arms,
 Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535
 Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;

Add yet a greater at our joint request,
 One which he values more than all the rest;

Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
 With that alliance let the league be ty'd; 540
 And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.

Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
 But with a father's right bestow your own.
 For this maligner of the general good,
 If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd : 545
 His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
 Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
 O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
 What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550
 And send us out to meet our certain fate?
 'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
 Our peace and public safety we demand.
 Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
 If not, the peace without the pledge is vain. 555
 Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
 Nor will I much with your belief contend:
 I beg your greatness not to give the law
 In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
 Pity your own, or pity our estate; 560
 Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
 Your interest is, the war should never cease;
 But we have felt enough, to wish the peace:
 A land exhausted to the last remains,
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains. 565
 Yes, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dower,
 So fire your mind, in arms assert your right;
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone; 570
 We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:

A base

A base ignoble crowd, without a name:
 Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
 That Turnus may possess a royal wife. 575
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
 Should share such triumphs; and detain from you
 The post of honour, your undoubted due:
 Rather alone your matchless force employ;
 To merit, what alone you must enjoy. 580

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
 Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
 Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
 You, Drances, never want a stream of words, 585
 Then, when the public need requires our swords.
 First in the council-hall to steer the state;
 And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow: 590
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name;
 Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand;
 And high as mine his towering trophies stand. 595
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost:
 And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight: 600
 And feet were given him but to speed his flight.

I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies: 605
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found, 610
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
 Not such the Trojans try'd me, when, inclos'd,
 I singly their united arms oppos'd:
 First forc'd an entrance through their thick array; 614
 Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
 'Tis a destructive war! So let it be,
 But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
 Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
 With false reports, their minds with panick fears:
 Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race, 620
 Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
 Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
 Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
 Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
 And Diomed from fierce Æneas flies. 625
 Say rapid Ausidus with awful dread,
 Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
 When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
 For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
 Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity, 630
 Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.

Let that vile foul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate; 635

If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;

Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat, 640
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.

But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:

'That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast: 645

Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
'To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.

But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,

If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought: 650

And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal'd ours; and for their slain,

With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield;

And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field? 655
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,

Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;

Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend, 660

The great Messapus yet remains our friend:

Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
 Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
 Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd. 665
 Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
 Contains an army in herself alone:
 And heads a squadron, terrible to fight,
 With glittering shields, in brazen armour bright.
 Yet if the foe a single fight demand, 670
 And I alone the public peace withstand;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
 This new Achilles let him take the field,
 With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield; 675
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his demand.
 Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war.
 While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;
 Æneas draws his forces to the field;
 And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
 Return, and through the frighted city spread 685
 Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descry'd
 In battle marching by the river's side;
 And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
 Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field; 690
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;

The

The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
 Like that of swans remurmuring to the floods,
 Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.

695

Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
 Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd;
 Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
 And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
 He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,
 Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

700

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
 To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
 Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
 Along the fields, and charge the Trojan horse.
 Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
 Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

705

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
 And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
 Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
 The gathering storm, just breaking on the state,
 Dismiss'd the council, till a fitter time,
 And own'd his easy temper as his crime;
 Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
 To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

710

715

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
 To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
 Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
 Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.

A sad

A sad procession in the streets is seen, 721
 Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
 High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
 With down-cast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
 They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands; 725
 Prayers in their mouths, and presents in their hands;
 With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
 Then in this common supplication join:
 O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
 Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid: 730
 Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
 And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.

Now Turnus arms for fight: his back and breast,
 Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
 The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold, 735
 Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
 His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;
 Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
 But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
 With godlike grace, he from the tower descends. 740
 Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
 His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
 The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
 Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds: 745
 And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
 Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
 And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane: 750
 He

He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien, 755
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:

Her Squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
If sense of honour, if a soul secure

Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure, 760
Can promise aught; or on itself rely,

Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:

Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.

Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown; 765

You, general, stay behind, and guard the town.

Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprize

And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:

Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,

With what becoming thanks can I reply! 770

Not only words lie labouring in my breast;

But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd;

Yet rob me not of all, but let me join

My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.

The Trojan (not in stratagem unskill'd) 775

Sends his light horse before, to scour the field:

Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,

A larger compass to the city takes.

This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare

To foil his cunning, and his force to dare: 780

With

With chosen foot his passage to forelay :
 And place an ambush in the winding way.
 'Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse :
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce ;
 With those of Tibur ; and the Latian band : 785
 Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war :
 Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
 All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790

Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprize ;
 A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
 Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands : 795
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
 The top is level : an offensive seat
 Of war ; and from the war a safe retreat.
 For, on the right and left, is room to press
 The foes at hand, or from afar distress : 800
 To drive them headlong downward ; and to pour,
 On their descending backs, a stony shower.
 Thither young Turnus took the well-known way ;
 Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805
 Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
 And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
 Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
 Then with a sigh began : Camilla goes
 To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes. 810

The

The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
 Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
 Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
 'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
 Her father Metabus, when forc'd away 815
 From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
 Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
 This tender babe, companion of his woes.
 Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
 One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820
 And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
 Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
 His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace;
 With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
 The banks of Amasene at length he gains; 825
 The raging flood his farther flight restrains:
 Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains. }
 Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears:
 Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
 Anxious he stops a while; and thinks in haste; 830
 Then, desperate in distress, resolves at last.
 A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
 The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
 He clos'd the child within the hollow space:
 With twigs of bending osier bound the case. 835
 Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight:
 And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
 Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,
 Sent by her fire, this dedicated maid:

Through

Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine; 840
 And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.
 He said; and with full force the spear he threw;
 Above the founding waves Camilla flew.
 Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;
 And gain'd by strokes of arms, the farther side. 845
 His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;
 And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
 Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,
 Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
 But rough, in open air he chose to lie: 850
 Earth was his couch, his covering was the sky.
 On hills unhorn, or in a desert den,
 He shunn'd the dire society of men.
 A shepherd's solitary life he led:
 His daughter with the milk of mares he fed; 855
 The dugs of bears, and every savage beast,
 He drew, and through her lip the liquor press'd.
 The little Amazon could scarcely go,
 He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
 And, that she might her staggering steps command,
 He with a slender javelin fills her hand: 860
 Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
 Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
 Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
 Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865
 The flying dart she first attempts to fling;
 And round her tender temples toss'd the sling:
 Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan;
 And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane. }

The

The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd, 871
To bless their rival sons with such a bride :

But she disdains their love; to share with me
The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.

And oh! I wish, contented with my cares 875

Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars :

Then had she been of my celestial train;

And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.

But since, opposing heaven's decree, she goes

To find her death among forbidden foes; 880

Haste with these arms, and take thy speedy flight,

Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:

This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,

This chosen arrow to revenge her death:

By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885

Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,

Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.

Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,

To bear the breathless body of my maid:

Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd 890

Her holy limbs with any human hand:

And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.

She said: the faithful nymph descends from high

With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:

Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,

Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,

Approach the walls; the sprightly couriers bound;

Press forward on their bitts, and shift their ground:

Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;

And the fields glitter with a waving war. 901

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
 These in a body plac'd; on either hand
 Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band. 905
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
 And less and less the middle space appears.
 Thick smoke obscures the field: and scarce are seen
 The neighing courfers, and the shouting men.
 In distance of their darts they stop their course; 910
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
 The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
 Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
 By mettled courfers borne in full career, 915
 Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty shock,
 Their horses heads against each other knock.
 Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast;
 As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
 He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920
 The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright;
 And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight.
 Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
 Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
 And urge their flight; Asylas leads the chase; 925
 Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:
 Receive their foes, and raise a threatening cry.
 The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thundering roar,
 Driven on each other's backs, insult the shore; 930
 Bound

Bound o'er the rocks, inroach upon the land;
 And far upon the beach eject the sand.
 Then backward, with a swing, they take their way;
 Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-sea:
 With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore; 935
 And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.
 Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
 Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
 Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
 Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man: 940
 Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
 With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
 Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
 Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
 Orsilochns, who durst not press too near 945 }
 Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;
 And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear. }
 The fiery steed, impatient of the wound, }
 Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound, }
 His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground. 950 }
 Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew }
 His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw: }
 The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew. }
 His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
 But shaded with a length of yellow hair: 955
 Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
 A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart:
 Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
 Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd;
And death with honour fought on either side.

Resistless, through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground, }
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. }
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side, 971
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old, 975
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled: 980
With such, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female-shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid, 985
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driven, from side to side transpierc'd;

A purple

A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
 Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground. 990
 Lyrus and Pegasus at once she flew;
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
 Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
 His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd,
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
 Amastrus next is added to the slain:
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
 Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
 And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun. 1000
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
 Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
 Swift for the chace, and of Apulian breed:
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown; 1005
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
 A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong;
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,
 And slew with ease: then thus insults the slain.
 Vain hunter, didst thou think through woods to chace
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory; 1015
 A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.

Then Butes and Orfilochus she slew,
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew. 1020
 But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends. }
 Orfilochus, and she, their courfers ply,
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chace.
 Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her axe, and rises at the blow:
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance: 1035
 But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
 Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
 Cries out aloud, What courage have you shown, 1040
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
 Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight,
 And then on equal terms begin the fight:
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
 When, foot to foot, you combat with a man. 1045
 He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain:
 And leaves her horse at large among her train. }

With

With her drawn sword defies him to the field:
 And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield: 1050
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
 Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
 The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
 Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid, 1055
 Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
 On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
 Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
 Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
 With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire. 1060
 At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
 That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
 Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
 And laid the boaster groveling on the plain.
 Not with more ease the falcon from above 1065
 Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
 Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
 The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
 Nor mighty Jove, from his superior height,
 With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070
 He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain;
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
 Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
 And these encourages, and those he chides:
 Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight; 1075
 Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.
 What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,
 O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
 Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band! 1080
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
 Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
 When to fat offerings the glad augur calls, 1085
 And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
 These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
 Swift in debauch; but slow to manly fight.
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
 Not managing the life he meant to lose. 1090
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
 In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:
 'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,
 And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
 Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes, 1095
 And view th' unusual fight with vast surprize.
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
 Press'd in his arms the ponderous prey sustains:
 Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
 His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife:
 And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
 His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
 So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105
 And bears a speckled serpent through the sky;
 Fastening his crooked talons on the prey,
 'The prisoner hisses through the liquid way:

Resists

Resists the royal hawk, and though oppress,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest; 1110
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening
tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores; 1115
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wherefoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chace, 1125
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chloëus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er, 1135
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:

A golden helm his front and head furrounds,
 A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140
 Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
 With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
 With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before. }
 Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
 Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize : 1145
 Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
 Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:
 Blind in her haste, she chaces him alone,
 And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
 This lucky moment the fly traitor chose : 1150
 Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
 And threw, but first to heaven address'd his vows. }
 O patron of Soractes' high abodes,
 Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
 Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
 Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine ; 1156
 By thee protected, with our naked souls,
 Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the
 kindled coals:
 Give me, propitious power, to wash away
 The stains of this dishonourable day : 1160
 Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
 But with my future actions trust my fame.
 Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
 And from the field return inglorious home.
 Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer, 1165
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
 He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
 By southern tempests, to the seas is borne.

Now,

Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the skies,
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes, 1170
 Directed by the sound of either host,
 Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175
 Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
 Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
 Far from their fight the trembling Aruns flies,
 With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
 Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
 At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185
 And claps his quivering tail between his thighs;
 So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
 But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
 She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
 But, wedg'd within her breast, the weapon stands; 1190
 The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
 She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
 A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
 Then turns to her, whom, of her female train, 1195
 She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
 Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my fight,
 Inexorable Death; and claims his right,

Bear,

Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
 And bid him timely to my charge succeed: 1200
 Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
 Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
 She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
 Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
 Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
 Her mind the passage from her body frees.
 She drops her sword, she nods her plummy crest;
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
 And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
 Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
 The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

By Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
 Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
 Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
 And round her corpse of friends and foes a fighting }
 train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew 1220
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
 Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:
 Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life. 1225
 Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
 Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.

Branded

Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
 But after-ages shall thy praise record.
 Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain; 1230
 Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
 Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
 Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
 A king that once in Latium bore the sway. 1235
 Theauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
 To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
 Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
 Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:
 Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; 1240
 Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
 Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
 And say I sent thee to the shades below;
 An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow. }

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
 The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed: 1245
 Then, to the stubborn yoke her strength apply'd;
 Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
 The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
 Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250
 At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
 The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
 Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
 His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
 The conquering damsel, with expanded wings, 1255
 The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
 And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The

The frighted foldiers, when their captains fly,
 More on their speed than on their strength rely. 1260
 Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
 And spur their horses headlong to the town.
 Driven by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
 Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
 These drop the shield, and those the lance forego; 1265
 Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
 The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
 Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
 Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
 And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly. 1270
 The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
 Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
 All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
 Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
 Some happy few escape: the throng too late 1275
 Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
 Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched fire
 Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
 Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
 But leave their friends excluded with their foes. 1280
 The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
 'Tis terror all within; and slaughter all without.
 Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
 Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
 The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285
 Arm'd on the towers, the common danger share:
 So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
 So much Camilla's great example fix'd.

Poles,

Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gaul the foe; 1290
Their lives, for god-like freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.

Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd, 1295
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:

The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,) 1300

He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:

Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.

Through the black forest, and the ferny brake, 1305
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.

From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.

Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between. 1310

Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoaking fields, his hastening enemies.

And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears-th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd; 1315

But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.

Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:

While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

THE

THE
T W E L F T H B O O K

O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Libyan lion chace,
He makes a four retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:

He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire, 15
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand, 20 }
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war. 25

The Latians, unconcern'd, shall see the fight;
This arm, unaided, shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd: 30
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own; 35
My town and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia fees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:

But

But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne: 45
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd, 50
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare; 55
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring shore: 60
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray, 65
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which heaven defend) }
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end, }
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend? }
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war, 70
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care.

Such

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief: 75
Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.

Permit me not to languish out my days;
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize; 80
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife, 85
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:

O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope, 90
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone

Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuse me not this one, this only prayer,
To waive the combat, and pursue the war. 95
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,

Think it includes in thine Amata's life.

I cannot live a slave; or see my throne

Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed; 100
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red. }

The driving colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shows, 105
 Which, with the bordering paint of purple glows;
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighbouring rose.
 The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite, 110
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
 O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
 Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. 115
 Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
 To shun my death, if heaven my death decree.

Then, turning to the herald, thus pursues;
 Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
 Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light 120
 Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
 The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
 Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
 Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
 And to the victor be the beauteous bride. 125

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
 He fought his coursers of the Thracian race.
 At his approach, they toss their heads on high;
 And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
 The fires of these Orithia sent from far, 130
 To grace Pylumnus, when he went to war.

The drifts of Thracian fnows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth their
pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion by his side. 140
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's fire:
Immortal keeness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore, 145
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus tofs'd in vain, 150
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest:
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to foil, 155
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's fight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight: 160

He tries his goring horns against a tree;
 And meditates his absent enemy:
 He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
 With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms, 165
 To future fight his manly courage warms:
 He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
 To terminate at once the lingering wars.
 To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
 What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fates. 170
 Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
 The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn, ensuing from the mountain's height,
 Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
 Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea, 175
 From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:
 When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
 In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
 Beneath the walls, they measure out the space;
 Then sacred altars rear, on fods of grass; 180
 Where, with religious rites, their common gods they
 place. }

In purest white the priests their heads attire,
 And living waters bear, and holy fire:
 And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
 Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear. 185

In order issuing from the town appears
 The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
 And from the fields, advancing on a line,
 The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:

Their

Their various arms afford a pleasing fight: 190

A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,

Glittering with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.

Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,

And there Messapus born of seed divine. 195

The sign is given, and round the list'd space

Each man in order fills his proper place.

Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;

And fix their pointed lances in the sand.

Now, studious of the fight, a numerous throng 200

Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,

Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,

The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the queen of heaven beheld the fight,

With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height: 205

(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding fame,

But then an empty hill, without a name.)

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,

The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 210

With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;

King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,

Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,

Compress'd by force, but by the grateful god,

Now made the Naïs of the neighbouring flood. 215

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,

O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,

Long hast thou known, nor need I to record

The wanton fallies of my wandering lord:

Of every Latian fair, whom Jove misled, 220
 To mount by stealth my violated bed,
 To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
 But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
 Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
 Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 225
 While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
 To lend my succour to the Latian side,
 I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;
 But now he struggles with unequal fate;
 And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
 To meet inevitable death in fight:
 Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
 fight. }

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
 It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 235
 Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
 To whom Saturnia thus; Thy tears are late:
 Hasten, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
 New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
 Who knows what changeful fortune may produce? 240
 'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
 Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
 She said, and, failing on the winged wind,
 Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245
 Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
 Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
 To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two snowy courfers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook: 250
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:

And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend priest appears; 255 }
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears. }

Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And shews the beasts design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care 260
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
With the same generous juice the flame he feeds.

Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd: 265

All-seeing sun, and thou Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer)

Thou god of war, whose unresist'd sway 270
The labours and events of arms obey;

Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;

Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:

All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
 Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
 But if my juster arms prevails in fight 280
 As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
 My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
 Both equal, both unconquer'd, shall remain:
 Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
 I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285
 The care of those religious rites be mine:
 The crown to king Latinus I resign;
 His be the sovereign sway. Nor will I share
 His power in peace, or his command in war.
 For me, my friends another town shall frame, 290
 And bless the rising towers, with fair Lavinia's name.
 Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
 The Latian king before his altar stands.
 By the same heaven, said he, and earth, and main,
 And all the powers, that all the three contain; 295
 By hell below, and by that upper god,
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his
 nod;
 So let Latona's double offspring hear,
 And double-fronted Janus what I swear:
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300
 And all those powers attest, and all their names:
 Whatever chance befall on either side,
 No term of time this union shall divide:
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
 Or shake the stedfast tenour of my mind: 305
 Not

Not though the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:

Ev'n as this royal sceptre (for he bore 310

A sceptre in his hand (shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;

(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,

And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear). 315

When thus in public view the peace was ty'd

With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,

All dues perform'd which holy rites require;

The victim beasts are slain before the fire:

The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320

And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man

O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.

First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;

Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud. 325

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes

The champion's bulk, their sinews, and their size:

The nearer they approach, the more is known

Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.

Turnus himself appears in public fight 330

Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.

Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands

With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:

And, while he mutters undistinguish'd prayers,

A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335

With

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
 Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude;
 When their short sighs and thickening sobs she heard,
 And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
 Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340
 Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
 A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
 Was his great fire, and he, his greater son.
 His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
 And, humouring their first motions, thus began: 345

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the fight
 Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
 Can we, before the face of heaven, confess
 Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
 View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350
 And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
 Undaunted to the battle if we go,
 Scarce every second man will share a foe.
 Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
 Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life: 355
 Or change it rather for immortal fame,
 Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
 But you, a servile, and inglorious band,
 For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
 Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd, 360
 Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.

With words like these, she carry'd her design;
 A rising murmur runs along the line.
 Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
 With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd: 365
 Their

Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.

For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes. 375

Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons trufs'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew; 380

And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'ersshade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross their airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force: 385
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the fight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts, 390
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way. 395
These

These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
 By strength united, and forego the prey;
 Your timely succour to your country bring; 400
 Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king.

He said: and pressing onward, through the crew,
 Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
 The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd. 405
 At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
 At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
 Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
 Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew, 410
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
 A passage through the jointed arms is found,
 Just where the belt was to the body bound,
 And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground. }
 Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train 415
 Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
 And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
 And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace;
 And meet their ardour in the middle space. 420
 The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
 With equal courage obviate their design.
 Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
 Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd, 425
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.

Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade. 430

Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting press,

At king Aulestes; by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown; }
And with a shock encountering, bore him down.

Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd, 440
The ruins of an altar were behind:

There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
Amid the scattering fires he lay supinely spread.

The beamy spear descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove. 445

Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.

Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.

Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand, 450
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:

And, as Ebusus with a thundering pace,
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:

His

His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires. 455
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
 And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued 460
 The shepherd Albus through the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin with one continued wound: 465
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
 around. }

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
 But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
 Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470
 In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
 What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
 Inflames your alter'd minds? O'Trojans, cease
 From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine, 475
 The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
 This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe. 480

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince,

But whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

485

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
At once his arms and courfers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes.
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.

490

495

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courfers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

500

505

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.

510

Their

Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they bound,
 The gore, and gathering dust, are dash'd around.
 Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
 He kill'd at hand, but St Helenus afar: 515
 From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
 Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
 Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
 Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520
 New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
 This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
 But emulated more his father's fame.
 His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
 The Grecian camp and order to descry: 525
 Hard enterprize, and well he might require
 Achilles' car, and horses for his hire;
 But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
 In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar; 530
 And lanch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
 Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow,
 And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,
 Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword;
 And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord. 535
 Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
 And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
 Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
 Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land.

Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he slew, 540
 Whom o'er his neck the floundering courser threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his blustering train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
 And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore: 545
 So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
 The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
 His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
 By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550
 And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
 Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein. }
 Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
 The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
 The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555
 And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along,
 And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
 Against his threatening foe his ample shield;
 Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
 The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560
 He lies revers'd; the victor-king descends,
 And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
 He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
 With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield, 565
 The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:
 Strong Mnestheus and Achates often try'd,
 And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
 Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
 His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570

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F

Resolv'd

Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
 He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
 The steel remains. No readier way he found
 To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
 Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
 He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

575

Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
 Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
 That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
 His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
 The pious youth, more studious how to save
 His aged fire, now sinking to the grave,
 Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
 Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.

580

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
 The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
 With gentle touches he performs his part,
 This way and that, soliciting the dart,
 And exercises all his heavenly art.

585

590 }

All softening simples, known of sovereign use,
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
 These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
 Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
 The patron of his art refus'd his aid,

595

Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
 Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:

The

The driving dust proclaims the danger near, 600 }
And first their friends, and then their foes appear; }
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.

The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky; 605
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing Dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought: 610
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief

To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews 615
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosial dews,
And odorous Panacee: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part, }
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.

Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands, 62
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.

Æneas first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.

Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield prepare, 630
 And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
 This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
 Some god our general to the battle sends;
 Some god preserves his life for greater ends. 635

The hero arms in haste: his hands infold
 His thighs with cuisses of refulgent gold:
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
 That hand sustaining the cœlestial shield,
 This gripes the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
 That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
 Then, with a close embrace, he strain'd his son;
 And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
 My son, from my example learn the war,
 In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare: 645
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
 This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
 And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
 Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
 To toils of war, be mindful of my worth, 650
 Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
 For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said; and, striding, issued on the plain;
 Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
 Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take, 655
 And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
 A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
 Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
 Beheld the progress of the moving war: 660
 With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
 And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
 Iuturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
 And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
 Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train, 665
 Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
 As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore,
 From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
 The painful hind, with heavy heart, foresees
 The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees; 670
 With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
 Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
 And now both armies shock, in open field;
 Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
 Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain 675
 (All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train);
 By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand:
 The fatal augur falls, by whose command
 The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
 With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680
 Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
 And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
 The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
 Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
 Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain, 685
 He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
 Iuturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
 Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;

Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiscus in his seat is seen.

690

As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddesses o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins. 695
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conquering brother shows:
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail;
The great Messapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held: 710
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight;

The

The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field: 720

Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display, 725

The various labours of that fatal day?

What chiefs and champions fell on either side,

In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?

Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:

Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field? 730

Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy fight,

Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,

Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite! }

Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,

Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground. 735

Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,

It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;

First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw;

Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740

Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;

Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;

Whom without respite at one charge he slew: 745

Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd

And sad Onythes, added to the rest;

Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
 Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
 And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750
 O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
 Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
 Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
 On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
 And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread. 755
 Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
 But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
 Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
 Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown, 760
 On different sides, and both by winds are blown,
 The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
 The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
 Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
 Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry: 765
 They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
 And down the rocks precipitate their course:
 Not with less rage the rival heroes take
 Their different ways; nor less destruction make.
 With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike, 770
 And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
 Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
 And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
 And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
 From a long royal race of Latin kings,

Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
 Crush'd with the weight of an unwielding stone:
 Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore 780
 His living load, his dying body tore.
 His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,
 Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
 Affronted Turnus in the middle space: 785

The prince encounter'd him in full career,
 And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
 So fatally the flying weapon sped,
 That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
 Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus' hand, 790
 In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:

Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
 Availing aid against th' Ænean sword:
 Which to his naked heart pursued the course:
 Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795

Iolus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
 Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers,
 Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
 But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?

In high Lyrnessus, and, in Troy, he held 800
 Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
 Of all the mighty man, the last remains
 A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
 In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805

Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:

Sea-born

Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
 The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
 They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space;
 Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
 And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
 To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.
 For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain, 815
 In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
 He views th' unguarded city from afar,
 In careless quiet, and secure of war:
 Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
 To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820
 Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
 Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
 The crowding troops about their general stand,
 All under arms, and wait his high command.
 Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey, 825
 Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
 Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
 Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
 Your instant arms against the town prepare;
 The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830
 This day the Latian towers, that mate the sky,
 Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
 The people shall be slaves, unless in time
 They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
 Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain; 835
 Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?

Your

Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires. 840

He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear; 845
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:

The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heaven his pious hands, 850
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise; 855
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their
friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along. 860

Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diffus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try; 865
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,

And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;

870

Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;

No troops of Turnus in the field appear.

Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;

And then concludes the royal youth is slain.

Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear

875

The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.

She calls herself the cause of all this ill,

And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:

She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,

She tears with both her hands her purple vest;

880

Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd,

And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,

And to her dames and to her daughter known;

The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,

885

And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:

With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of de-
spair.

The spreading rumour fills the public place;

Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,

And silent shame, are seen in every face.

890

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,

Both for his public and his private woes:

With filth his venerable beard besmears,

And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.

And

And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895
 Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
 And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:
 To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
 Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains, 900
 And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
 His flying coursers please him less and less,
 Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
 Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
 The distant cries come driving in the wind; 905
 Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
 A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.

Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries?
 What doleful clamours from the town arise?
 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins: 910
 She, who the driver's office now sustains,
 Replies: Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
 Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
 There want not others to defend the wall:
 If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall. 915
 So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
 In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince: O sister, (for I knew
 The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)
 I knew you when you mingled first in fight, 920
 And now in vain you would deceive my fight:
 Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
 Who sent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?

Your

Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
 And see your brother bleeding on the plain? 925
 For to what power can Turnus have recourse,
 Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
 These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
 Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
 I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930
 My name invoking to revenge his death:
 Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;
 To shun the shameful fight of my disgrace.
 On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
 His vest and armour are the victor's prize. 935
 Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
 Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
 How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
 How Drances will insult and point them to the fight!
 Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below, 940
 (Since those above so small compassion show,)
 Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,
 Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
 Came Sages, urging on his foamy steed; 945
 Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
 And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
 Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
 Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
 Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on, 950
 With arms invest, with flames invades the town:
 The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
 To drive along the deluge of the fire:

All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
 Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice. 955
 Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
 The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
 Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
 'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
 On every side surrounded by the foe;
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
 An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }
 You, far aloof from your unshaken bands, 965
 Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.
 Stupid he fate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
 And various cares revolving in his mind:
 Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
 And sorrow, mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd; 970
 And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought:
 And love, by jealousy, to madness wrought.
 By slow degrees his reason drove away
 The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look; 975
 And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
 A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
 And bridges laid above to join the space:
 And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980
 Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
 The way which heaven and my hard fortune show.

The

The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
 Death is my choice: but suffer me to try 985
 My force, and vent my rage before I die.
 He said, and, leaping down, without delay,
 Through crouds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
 Striding, he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
 And left the grieving goddesses far behind. 990
 As when a fragment from a mountain torn
 By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
 Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
 Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep; 995
 Down sink at once, the shepherds and their sheep;
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
 Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd from
 earth rebound:
 So, Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
 Shouldering and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
 Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
 Where shafts, and spears, and darts, promiscuous flew; }
 And sanguine streams the slippery ground embrue. }
 First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
 He cries aloud, to make the combat cease; 1005
 Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
 The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
 'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
 The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
 This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state; 1010
 Or finish my misfortunes in my fate,

Both

Both armies from their bloody work desist:
 And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
 The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
 The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
 Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
 Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.

He springs to fight; exulting in his force;
 His jointed armour rattles in the course.
 Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020
 Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
 His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
 And shakes the founding forest on his sides.

The nations, over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
 Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight: 1025

Even Death stands still; nor from above they throw
 Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
 In silent order either army stands;
 And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
 Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight, 1030
 Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
 Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
 With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
 They view; and, rushing on, begin the war. 1035
 They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
 The trembling foil resounds beneath their feet:
 Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

Courage conspires with chance; and both engage 1040
 With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
 In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
 With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
 Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes, 1045
 And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
 And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty year:
 With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
 And push for push, and wound for wound return:
 Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood: 1050
 Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the wood:
 Such was the combat in the lifted ground;
 So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
 The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055
 On this side life, and lucky chance ascends;
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
 Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side: 1060
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
 Now 'tis but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
 When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies. 1065
 Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
 Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find. }
 'Twas not the fated sword his father bore;
 But that his charioteer Metiscus wore, 1070

This,

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field; 1075
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the list surround;
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chace: 1080
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers: 1086
The persecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand: 1090
His eager foe, determin'd to the chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear, 1095
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names, 1100

Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
 The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
 To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
 With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:
 Thus menacing, he still pursues the course 1105
 With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
 Ten times, already, round the list'd place
 One chief had fled, and t' other given the chace:
 No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
 Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife. 1110

Within the space an olive-tree had stood,
 A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
 For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god. }
 Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
 Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd. 1115
 With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
 To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
 Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
 Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance:
 Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
 Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree:
 That whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
 His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
 Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
 O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
 Where I thy foster-son receiv'd my birth,
 Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
 Propitious

Propitious hear my pious prayer! He said, 1130
Nor with successless vows invok'd the aid.

Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd,
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again: 1135

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.

The queen of love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;

T' assert her offspring with a greater deed, 1140
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance: }
And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:

What new arrest, O queen of heaven, is sent
To stop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to pursue? }

Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too) 1150
Free-doom'd to these celestial seats is due.

What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade!

Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect, 1155

A wound unworthy of our stare to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?

Or seems it just, the Sister should restore
 A second sword, when one was lost before,
 And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror? }
 For what without thy knowledge and avow,
 Nay, more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
 At last, in deference to my love, forbear
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload; 1165
 Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
 Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end:
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted power: 1170
 Toss'd on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
 And driven ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
 Deform the royal house; and from the side
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
 Now cease at my command. The thunderer said:
 And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made.
 Because your dread decree too well I knew;
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
 Else should you not behold me here alone,
 Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan; 1180
 But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
 'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
 By my command, to save her brother's life;
 At least to try: but by the Stygian lake, 1185
 (The most religious oath the gods can take)

With

With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight. 1190
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)

Both for myself, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same; 1195
But let the Latins still retain their name:

Speak the same language which they spoke before;
Wear the same habits which their grandfires wore:
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town, 1200
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir, 1205
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?

Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.

The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will, myself, their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside. }

All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came. 1215

From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.

No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.

Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires 1220
Had found success, and from the clouds retires.

The peace thus made, the Thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddess from the wars.

Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night: 1225

These their brown mother, brooding on her care, }
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air; }
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair. }

In heaven the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230

His ministers of wrath; and ready still

The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:

When-e'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care, 1235

And terrifies the guilty world with war.

One sister-plague of these from heaven he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.

The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240

Or Cydon eugh; when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in poisonous juice, the sure destruction flies,
With such a sudden and unseen a flight,

Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.

Soon

Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view, 1245
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew:
 Contracted to the boding bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
 Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings. 1250
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
 The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes. }
 A lazy chilnefs crept along his blood,
 Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood. 1255
 Turna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
 And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife, 1260
 What can thy sister more to save thy life!
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
 In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night! 1265
 The lashing of your wings I know too well:
 The sounding flight, and funeral screams of hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
 The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate? 1270
 O hard conditions of immortal state!
 Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!

The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.

What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:

Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:

What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?

'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare

What skill and courage can attempt in war:

Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky?

Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.

The champion shook his head, and made this short
reply:

No threats of thine my manly mind can move:

'Tis hostile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.

He said no more; but, with a sigh, repress'd

The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,

An antique stone he saw; the common bound

Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:

1275

1280

1285

1290

1295

1300

So

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
 Ran staggering on, against his enemy. 1305

But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
 And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms; and falling short, 1310
 For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
 The sickly fancy labours in the night:
 We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course: 1315

In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
 The nerves unbrac'd their usual strength deny,
 And on the tongue the faltering accents die: }
 So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd, }
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd, 1320 }
 The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void. }

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
 He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found:
 His own men stop the pass, and his own walls
 surround.

Once more he pauses; and looks out again: 1325
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
 Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow. 1330

Astonish'd

Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark: and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 1335
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his seven-fold shield the prince avail, 1340
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd: }
I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give. 1350

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once, and hadst a son):
Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, pursue my death; 1355
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife;
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife. }

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand; 1360
And, just appear'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side: 1365
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes);
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend, 1370
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word, 1375
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the
wound.

P O S T S C R I P T.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient

cient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for six-pence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled? to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

“Cynthia aurem vellet, & admonuit.”

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cæsar, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas

to

to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last *Æneid* shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his sake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office.

“ *Extremum hunc Arethusa:—*

“ *Negat quis carmina Gallo?*”

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Vir-

gil,

gil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same College. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticize my master.

By a letter from William Walsb, of Abberly, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneids, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to

infer; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls “The Power of Love,” has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roscommon’s Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley’s “Praise of a Country Life” is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God’s mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

C H A R L E S,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your Lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished, in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human-kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never

had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship,
in

In my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly: and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet, even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of Poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and can-

dor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and native genius; which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakespeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your Lordship; and even that also with a "*longe sed proximi intervallo.*" If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the

Officer

Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satyr; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I shall not disturb) has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured Muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare: an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good-nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings: for they are every where so full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That
which

which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his mistresses infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satyr, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your Lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they

are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for your own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have
that

that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist intirely without it; any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and, should I carry it as far as mankind would authorize me, would be little less than satyr. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons, and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled, force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearſal, because I knew the author fate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satyr: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonſon, the main pillars
of

of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel; I am so far from defending my Poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long, as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and, mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed: as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satyr: which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further,

further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good-manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and prophaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets and their actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I speak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and false coin. A shilling, dipt in the bath, may go for gold amongst the ignorant; but the sceptres on the guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world,) from the distinguishing character of your writings; which is so visible to me, that I

never

never could be imposed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own praises (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not positively be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck: but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your Lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is
like

like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves

nature,

nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest for Stage Poetry amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all sorts of Poetry in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein Painting was revived, and Poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That, in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear

the like again; yet, the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satyr, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and, I would instance in Shakespeare of the former, of your Lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but, if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satyr is pointed, and whose sense is close: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of Epique Poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must further add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though
he

he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting
 both in design and subject, and is, besides, too full
 of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns,
 Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity
 of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the
 swiftness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without
 majesty or decency; and his adventures, without
 the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose
 design was regular, and who observed the rules of
 unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet
 was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to
 have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath
 the dignity of Heroic Verse, in his Episodes of Sophro-
 nia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing
 as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and some-
 times too dry; many times unequal, and almost always
 forced; and besides, is full of conception, points of
 Epigram and witticism; all which are not only below
 the dignity of Heroic Verse, but contrary to its nature:
 Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those
 who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a
 subject, are so far from being considered as Heroic
 Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Ho-
 mer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and
 Owen's Epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecnoe; that
 is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to
 return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of
 Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is
 infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely,
 that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem

fifty sons, only, because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or performance. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his Poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But

prince

prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other Epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Gracisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser,

fer, as Spenfer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice; and, when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for this blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alledges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But, if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant

nant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epic Poem: besides these, or the like animadversions of them or other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished Heroic Poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprises which the Poets call Heroic; which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul: whereas, on the contrary, an Heroic Poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the ac-

complishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a foldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an Epic Poem, or the Heroic action of some great commander, enterprized for the common good and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the Poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of
Heathenism.

Heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior Providence); but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels, or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epick poetry. Though St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the arch-angel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell: the same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and

Juno

Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with
any

any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the criticks. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy and the mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, That Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic Philosophy, as it is now christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods,

gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well protestants as catholicks, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master?

But

But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia; as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being conversant in the philosophy
of

of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epick poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise, the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker since their fall than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Al-

mighty

mighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination,

and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons; which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our Imperial lines: with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But, being encouraged only by fair words by King Charles II. my little salary ill paid, and no prospect
of

of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself; then your Lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour my Lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one among many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without

these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a Poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

“ Ne, forte, pudori

“ Sit tibi musa lyræ soleis, & cantor Apollo.”

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are, such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves Poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other Poets; yet, you go not out of Nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters

casts

casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your Lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the "*curiosa felicitas*" which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence: we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, "*Ut sibi quisvis spe-*" "*ret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, au-*" "*sus idem.*" And besides all this, it is your Lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which

are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call "*Cæna dubia*;" where there is such plenty, yet, withal, so much diversity and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not studied your Lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and, that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to distinguish you from many others, which is the proposition I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your Lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly

ticularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of satire among the Romans. To describe, if not define, the nature of that Poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and shew the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of Poetry, says our master Aristotle, is Tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire,

of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an Heroic Poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the Epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the Epic is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute Heroic Poem was written by Homer long before Tragedy was invented: but if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an Epic Poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities

qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haste or negligence, omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace as his guides, and Vida and Bossu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an Heroic Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written dramas; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But, leaving the critics on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of Poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective,

it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and, though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the Poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second; where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek Poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of Poetry, here the war begins amongst the Critics. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word Satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But

Casaubon,

Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *fatira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *fatira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in species from that to which the Romans gave the name of satyr.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shewn in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution. Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior Being in their necessities, and to thank him
for

for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason for their institution; the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better), were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satyres, whom I have already described; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their festivals, danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but

we

we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tuneable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same in the persons of their petulant satyrs: but I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the satyrs, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of these beginnings of poetry, amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of satyrs, who carried canisters, and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satyrs did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus:

“ Agricolaë

" Agricolaë prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 " Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 " Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 " Cum fociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
 " Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 " Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
 " Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 " Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit."

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
 Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
 At harvest-home, with mirth and country-cheer
 Restor'd their bodies for another year;
 Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
 Of such a future feast, and future crop.
 Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
 Their little children, and their faithful spouse,
 A sow they flew to Vesta's deity
 And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
 With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
 A short life, and a merry, was the word.
 From flowing cups, defaming thymes ensue,
 And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man
 as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ con-
 cerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners
 of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but
 rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its
 original from religion, that of the Grecians and Ro-
 mans had the same beginning: both were invented at
 festivals

festivals of thanksgiving: and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse: amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satyrs; and amongst the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critick takes notice also, in his illustrations on the first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed: and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the satire of the Romans which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words:

“ *Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos*

“ *Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam*

“ *In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honestas*

“ *Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento*

“ *Dente laceffiti; fuit intactis quoque cura*

“ *Con-*

- "Conditione super communi, quinetiam lex,
 "Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
 "Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
 "Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this; "Siquis occen-
 "tavit malum carum, five condidit, quod infamiam
 "faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto." A strange
 likeness, and barely possible: but the critics being all
 of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and
 to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric
 dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have
 the Roman satire to proceed; I am to take a view of
 them first, and see if there be any such descent from
 them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whatsoever he were that invented Tra-
 gedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus
 and dancers and satyrs, which had been used in the
 celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever
 afterwards retained. The character of them was also
 kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was
 given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience,
 who soon grow weary of good sense; and, as we daily
 see, in our own age and country, are apt to forsake
 poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce.
 From hence it came, that the Olympic Games, where
 the poets contended for four prizes, the satirique tra-
 gedy was the last of them; for, in the rest, the satyrs
 were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of
 Euri-

Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these satiriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude what likenesses they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who, with his company, was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which, Ulysses, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great fire-brand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the “*dramatis personæ*,” as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain

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the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your Lordship has perceived by this time, that this satyric tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness; were Scaliger and Henfius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satiric poem, from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The satiric, says he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs: the persons represented in it, are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these satiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire: those Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethink-

ing

ing himself better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τῆς σιλ-
 λῆς, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some
 fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find,
 that they were Satiric Poems, full of parodies; that
 is, of verses patched up from great Poets, and turned
 into another sense than their author intended them.
 Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Au-
 sonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying
 them to another sense, they are made the relation of
 a wedding-night; and the act of consummation ful-
 somely described in the very words of the most modest
 amongst all Poets. Of the same manner are our songs,
 which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words
 of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus
 in Timon's Silli, the words are generally those of Ho-
 mer, and the Tragic Poets; but he applies them fa-
 tirically to some customs and kinds of philosophy,
 which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any
 of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed,
 repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of
 Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning,
 the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Ro-
 man satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we
 may properly add the satires which were written against
 particular persons; such as were the iambiques of Ar-
 chilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubt-
 edly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose
 titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name
 the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others:
 but these are the under-wood of satire, rather than the

timber-tree, they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece: and have proved, I hope, from the best Critics, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, “*Satira quidem tota nostra est:*” and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of Poetry, “*Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor.*” Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Critics of the two best ages of the Roman empire, than that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom; that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of Satyrus from *σατύρ*, *salacitas*; and

and so, from the lechery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them. As if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? Or any argument that this Poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *satur*, comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them πανκάρπον θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits;

and πανπερίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgiques,

“Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta.”

And in another place, “Lancesque & liba feremus:” that is, we offer the smoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian, and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to Poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unhewn poetry was instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarrians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that salvage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet or measure. They were ῥόυθμοι, but not ἑμμετροί: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with

a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: “Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem; ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.” The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with

dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita cccxc: those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones*: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comædia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his

own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year cccccxiv since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wife Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrical, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must
be

be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconciliation of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatam: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the *Œci*. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were

were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obsceneness; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the *Exordiarum*, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire; like different cyons from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success, in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the

title

title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but, taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his *Margites*, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambick trimeters; or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done in his *Æneid*.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verse, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground-work of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of all his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But,

But, besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault : and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him : which Persius observes, in his sixth satire : “ postquam destertuit esse “ Mæonides.” But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him : only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son ; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied ; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most ; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn ; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the Vetus Comœdia of the Greeks : of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in
these

these words, "Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem:" he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace, in these words: "Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laude adeptus est Lucilius."

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, among the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But,

But, to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses: such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observed. Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction, without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another

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was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is visible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegance of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Doussa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original, to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated,
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in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled among the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans, in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, but must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with a mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his *Academics*, introduces Varro himself, giving

giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted which are drawn from the very intrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words: "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called *σπυδογελοῖσι*, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles), but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as,

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amongst

amongst the rest, by Varro: by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the Tragic Poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his stile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called *Νευρομαντία*. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also be properly called Varronian satires; particularly his *True History*: and consequently the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the *Mock Deification* of Claudius, by Seneca: and the *Symposium*, or

Cæsars

Cæſars of Julian the Emperor. Amongſt the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Eraſinus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mixed with proſe, as Varro's were: but of the ſame kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenſer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abſalom and Mac Flecko.

This is what I have to ſay in general of ſatire: only, as Dacier has obſerved before me, we may take notice, that the word Satire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the Romans it was not only uſed for thoſe diſcourſes which decried vice, or expoſed folly; but for others alſo, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of ſatire is formidable to thoſe perſons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay ſatire, is to mean reflection, as we uſe that word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the French call it, more properly, Mediſance. In the criticſm of ſpelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to diſtinguiſh its true derivation from *ſatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then it is falſe ſpelled throughout this book; for here it is written ſatyr. Which having not conſidered at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than ſatire.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered: he

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was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent sometime on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man) That his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in

particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe Horace above Juvenal and Perſius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debaſe Horace, that they may ſet up Juvenal: and Caſaubon, who is almoſt ſingle, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Perſius, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakeſt cauſe, which is that of Perſius; and labouring, as Tacitus profeſſes of his own writings, to diſveſt myſelf of partiality, or prejudice, conſider Perſius, not as a poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in ſome things, to be preferred to both of them.

Fiſt, then, for the verſe, neither Caſaubon himſelf nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Caſaubon gives this point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the meaſures, or the words of Perſius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well choſen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal,

renal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him; yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero, compelled him to this darkness in some places; or, that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or, lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge: so on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to

youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some place he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witnessed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him: and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls "*Imitatio Horatiana*."

To these defects, which I casually observed while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler; full of ostentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can alledge in his defence.

Instead

Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Perſius to have any wit; Caſaubon interprets this in the mildeſt ſenſe; and confeſſes his author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Perſius ſhewed his learning, but was no boafter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*; and ſo, he ſays, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Caſaubon turns it handſomely upon that ſupercilious critic, and ſilently inſinuates that he himſelf was ſufficiently vain-glorious, and a boafter of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable cenſor, continues Caſaubon, which are χρυſε̃ χρυſότερα, more golden than gold itſelf, are every where ſwelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be oſtentation and vain-glory from a Gentleman, ſo well born, and ſo nobly educated, as Scaliger. But, ſays Scaliger, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, ſays Caſaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obſcure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong compliment, but no defence.

defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging, that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction;

struction; but Stelluti is against it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satire, "At si unctus cesses," &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works: I understood it; but, for that reason, turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called θαύματα not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must *χιλάνες φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν*, either eat the whole snail,

or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to choose his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors;
and

and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satyrift makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the stoick: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethicks, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epic-tetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoick philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some, perhaps, impieties, if we consider them by the standard

standard of christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the store-houses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the stoicks have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoick, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and

and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says, that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells every where of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the stoick sect at Rome; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself; and in probability a coadjutor of Persius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave: but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine,

nine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him "tribunus militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old foldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His stile is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their

their stile; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal: a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non nos-
trum est tantas componere lites." I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satire: in which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek *Silli*, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort

of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence: I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness
for

for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and, possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure

to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are intitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsome-ness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit: no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure.

This,

This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiaſſed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to ſuch impartial men I muſt appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will ſet up to be my judges, I enter my Caveat againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reaſon that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is ſomewhat the better inſtructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his inſtructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counſels which they give are equally good for moral uſe; Horace, who gives the moſt various advice, and moſt applicable to all occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our lives; as including in his diſcourſes not only all the rules of morality, but alſo of civil converſation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his inſtructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occaſions, than the other. I may be pardoned for uſing an old ſaying, ſince it is true, and to the purpoſe, “ Bonum quo communis, eo melius.” Juvenal, excepting only his firſt ſatire, is in all the reſt confined, to the expoſing of ſome particular vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His

sentences are truly shining and instructive: but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences: to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. “*Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:*” he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader’s view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. “*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcoria ludit.*” This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather

rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the most common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen: and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims: but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is,

his good manners, are to be commended: but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader: and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low stile of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally grave: I question not but he could have raised

raised it: for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satire, concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shews, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the clearness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have
written

written sharper satires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes: “Non tu, in triviis
 “indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, dis-
 “perdere, carmen?” But to return to my purpose: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that, granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better
 for

for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not chuse to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people.

They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer; 'That he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls "*famosos libellos.*"

In

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: "Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidini, quâ viros foeminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat." Thus, in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognizance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was "Lex læsæ Majestatis;" commonly called, for the sake of brevity, "Majestas;" or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables: to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the fasces, which were borne before the chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, "under colour of that law," he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility: but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: "Sparfos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus,

“ auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hæc,
 “ de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujus-
 “ piam sub alieno nomine edant.” Augustus was not
 afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care
 imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed,
 that for the time to come, the authors of them should
 be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear,
 according to my sense, that this emperor, for his own
 sake, durst not permit them: “ Fecit id Augustus in
 “ speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, &
 “ primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam
 “ habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam
 “ procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus
 “ fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum,
 “ sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit,
 “ quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.” This,
 I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Ta-
 citus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole
 family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were in-
 cluded in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans,
 in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house;
 “ omnia Cæsar erat:” they were all accounted sacred
 who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was
 contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet
 against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title,
 “ In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam;” perhaps
 intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb,
 with one stone, and revenge both himself and his em-
 peror together.

From

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number: so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet

yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement: vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, "*sequitur Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis;*" meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: "*Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit,*" &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. They changed satire, says Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther

ther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are same and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, “a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man.” I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low satire, so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn, it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of

those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of railery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Ab-falom*, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the men-

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tion of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-sides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your Lordship, in the kind satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an "ense rescindendum;" but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally,

but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has rallied more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmenus and Cicerus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilus and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he should
be

be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuse a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to shew that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures,

which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outside: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices.

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themselves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. “*Tres* “ *præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur* “ *olivâ:*” Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, “*Primus equum pha-*

“ *leris*

“*leris insignem victor habeto.*” Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. “*Alter Amazoniam pharetram, ple-*
namque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur
auro balteus, & tereti subnectit figula gemma.”
 Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire; and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button. “*Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus*
abito.” And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

“ — *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,*

“ *Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.*”

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year “*ab urbe conditâ cccccxiv.*” I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes’s plays,

plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire. According to that description, which Juvenal gives of it in his first; “quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.” This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics; that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that, after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Hein-
sius,

sius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words; "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from them, in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which either hatred, or laughter, or indignation is moved."—Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius: the rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause "consisting in a low familiar way of speech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant: but how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them, a poet

poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophie* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of words, and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuse to mount and shew their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneid*? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must
fall

fall with him: and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire, that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a *tragi-comedy*, there is to be but one main design: and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of
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the “*Doppia favola*,” or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called “*Il Pastor Fido*,” where *Corisca* and the satire are the under-parts: yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, “*Sit quodvis simplex dumtaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word;

word; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversly treated in the several subordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which all together may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by shewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Perfius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoick; and
every

every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure: his satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the

the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking

of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies;

parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*:

“Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 “Perfide; set duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 “Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres.”

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

“Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
 “Et tu n’es point du sang de Gervais Horologer:
 “Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d’un Coche;
 “Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d’une Roché:
 “Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté,
 “Te fit, avec ſon laiſt, ſuccer ſa Cruauté.”

And, as Virgil in his fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the lowneſs of his ſubject, by the loſtineſs of his words; and enobles it by compariſons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

“Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
 “Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
 “Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam.”

And again:

“Sic Genuus immortale manent; multosque per annos
 “Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.”

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my Lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatire. Here is the majeſty of the heroic, finely mixed

with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordship but this bare hint, in what manner this sort of satire may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself; of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the *Davideis*, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature

ture to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called *The Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and among the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language, are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsb, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. “*Delicate & bien tourné*,” are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a master-piece.

An example on the turn of words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*:

- “ Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
 “ Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
 “ Alteriusque, animantem animantis vivere lèto!”

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:

- “ Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
 “ Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
 “ Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
 “ Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parant.
 “ Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis fatiata libido est,
 “ Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.”

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon:

- “ Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
 “ Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.”

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth *Georgique* of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth:

- “ Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
 “ Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.”

I will not burden your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties: I might descend also to the mechanic
 beauties

beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English profodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors,

almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what is yet more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense; who not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the publick all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized
the

the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction; must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil: "Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty:

plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together; the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary; as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs
and

and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged: and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shewn in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed: with great confusion, for having entertained you so long with this discourse; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, Most humble,

And Most obedient servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, since no man will rank himself with ill writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicteth himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he
would

would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
 Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
 Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
 Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
 Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
 Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage

Unsatisfy'd

Unfatisfy'd with margins closely writ,
 Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
 No man can take a more familiar note
 Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
 Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
 From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
 I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
 The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
 Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bauls,
 And shades the statues on their pedestals.
 The best and worst on the same theme employs
 His Muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.

Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
 I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
 Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
 Advising Sylla to a private gown.
 But, since the world with writing is possess'd,
 I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
 To make as much waste paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
 And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
 Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
 When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
 When mannish Mevia, that two handed whore,
 Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar,
 When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
 Whose razor on my callow beard was try'd;
 When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
 Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,

Pacing

Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needful luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend,
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
They send their prostituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
For such good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's standard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a snake;

Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious
gains,

Choak up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
Whose wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulsom to be read!
When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?

Such villainies rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomed repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering perish with his foolish boy.

With what impatience must the Muse behold
The wife, by her procuring husband sold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose couriers kept, ran out his father's land;

Who,

Who yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove }
With boasted art to please his eunuch-love.

Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his ease,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six weary'd slaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new :
Made wealthy at the small expence of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining ?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine :
So well the fashionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives :
Poisoning, without regard of fame or fear :
And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb ?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves :
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss'd, }
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost ;
And high commands : a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep ?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy ?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
 Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
 And, scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
 An oracle how man might be restor'd;
 When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
 And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
 What ever since that golden age was done,
 What human kind desires, and what they shun,
 Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
 Shall this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
 Or when was avarice extended more?
 When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
 The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
 But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
 The steward brings the deeds which must convey
 The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
 When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
 And not enough is left him to supply
 Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age so many summer-seats did see?
 Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
 As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
 Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
 Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
 Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
 The paltry largesse, too, severely watch'd,
 Ere given; and every face observ'd with care,
 That no intruding guests usurp a share.

Known,

Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
 Our old nobility of Trojan-blood,
 Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food. }
 The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
 The freedman justles, and will be preferr'd;
 First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spight
 Of your great Lordships, will maintain my right.
 Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
 'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
 The rent of five fair houses I receive;
 What greater honours can the purple give?
 The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
 In melancholy walks, a graſtier's sheep:
 Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treasure;
 Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
 Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
 And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
 Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see
 No temples rais'd to money's majesty,
 No altars fuming to her power divine,
 Such as to valour, peace, and virtue shine,
 And faith, and concord: where the stork on high
 Seems to salute her infant progeny: }
 Prefaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
 But since our knights and senators account,
 To what their fordid begging vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
 Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
 Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
 Prevented by those harpies; when a wood

Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
 And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
 The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
 To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
 Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
 And for their wives produce an empty chair.
 This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
 'Tis Galla: let her ladyship but peep:
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.

Such fine employments our whole days divide:
 The salutations of the morning-tide
 Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
 We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
 Then to the statues; where, amidst the race
 Of conquering Rome, some Arab shews his face,
 Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The great man, home-conducted, shuts his door;
 Old clients, weary'd out with fruitless care,
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
 Though much against the grain forc'd to retire,
 Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
 Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities;
 Both sea and land are ranfack'd for the feast;
 And his own gut the sole invited guest.
 Such plate, such tables, dishes dress'd so well,
 That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
 Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board
 (At once a fordid and luxurious lord):

THE FIRST SATIRE.

229

Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dress'd
(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast).

But present punishment pursues his maw,
When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.

His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is born.

No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the present crimes.

Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.

Then, Satire, spread thy sails; take all the winds can
blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?

From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
Bold truth to speak, and spoken to maintain?

When god-like Freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?

Ere scandalum magnatum was begot,

No matter if the great forgave or not:

But if that honest licence now you rake,
If into rogues omnipotent you take,

Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on blaze, to light

The streets, and make a dreadful fire by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught

Of poisonous juice be then in triumph brought,

Make

Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'Tis defamation but to say, That's he!
Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company:
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart:
Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past considering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous lists of rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

T H E
T H I R D S A T I R E

O F

J U V E N A L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbricius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this

Q 4

satire

fatire is particularly shown, in common-places; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to lose,
 I like the solitary feat he chose:
 In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
 Where far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
 And one more citizen to Sibyl gives.
 The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
 Which all the gods with all their bounty blefs.
 Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
 Could live, than in a street of palaces.
 What scenes so desert, or so full of fright,
 As towering houses tumbling in the night,
 And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
 But worse than all the clattering tiles, and worse
 Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
 Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
 But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
 Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
 He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
 Where Numa model'd once the Roman state,
 In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd
 Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
 By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
 In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
 Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
 Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:

Nor

Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true?
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty encreasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I chuse to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he:
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves, who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;

Can

Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common shore;
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very head,
These fellows see (what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
And toss them topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what business have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy presents to a bride:

For want of these town virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt the breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
What confidence our wealthy Romans chose:
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come:
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.

The

The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
 Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace:
 The painted mitre court, and the more painted face,
 Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
 Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown,
 Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
 His once unkem'd and horrid locks behold
 Stilling sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
 Aping the foreigners in every drefs;
 Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less,
 Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
 From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
 And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals:
 So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
 Poor refugees at first, they purchase here:
 And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
 Grow to the great, a flattering servile rout:
 Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
 Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
 Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
 Who bears a nation in a single man?
 A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
 A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
 A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
 All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
 And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
 In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
 But in that town which arms and arts adorn,

Shall

Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
 In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
 Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
 A small craft vessel hither did convey;
 Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay? }
 How little is the privilege become
 Of being born a citizen of Rome!
 The Greeks get all by fulsom flatteries;
 A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
 They make a wit of their insipid friend;
 His blobber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
 His long crane-neck and narrow shoulders praise;
 You'd think they were describing Hercules.
 A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
 Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
 We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
 No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
 Besides these qualities, we must agree
 They mimic better on the stage than we:
 The wife, the whore, the shepherdes, they play,
 In such a free, and such a graceful way,
 That we believe a very woman shown,
 And fancy something underneath the gown.
 But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles, }
 Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
 The nation is compos'd of such as these.
 All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
 Return it louder than an ass can bray:
 Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently, }
 There seems a silent echo in their eye:
 They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry. }
 Call

Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
 Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
 In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
 They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
 We live not on the square with such as these,
 Such are our betters, who can better please:
 Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
 Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
 The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
 Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
 Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford;
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
 From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
 Through the whole family their labours run;
 The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
 Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son. }
 If none they find for their lewd purpose fit.
 They with the walls and very floors commit.
 They search the secrets of the house, and so
 Are worship'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view }
 On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
 A rigid stoick his own pupil slew:
 A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
 Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
 What room is left for Romans in a town
 Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
 Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
 Look sharply out, our senators to seize:

Engrofs

Engrofs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependance in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to the levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Left his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childish matrons are, long since, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor finner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.

Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire!

The

The question is not put, how far extends
 His piety, but what he yearly spends :
 Quick to the business; how he lives, and eats;
 How largely gives; how splendidly he treats :
 How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
 What are his rents? what servants does he keep,
 Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
 Our credit in the court by our estate.
 Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
 Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
 The poor must gain their bread by perjury;
 And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
 In conscience must absolve them, when they lye.

Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
 And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
 For the torn furtout and the tatter'd vest,
 The wretch and all his wardrobe are jest :
 The greasy gown, fully'd with often turning,
 Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning;
 Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
 He's wounded! see the plaister on his foot.
 Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool;
 And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
 Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
 (The Master of the Ceremonies cries)
 This is no place for you, whose small estate
 Is not the value of the settled rate :
 The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
 Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
 To clap the first, and rule the theatre.

Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat;
 For, by the Rofcian law, the poor can claim no feat.
 Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
 The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
 Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging-chair?
 The poor were wise, who, by the rich opprefs'd,
 Withdrew, and fought a sacred place of rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
 And servants bellies cost so devilish dear;
 And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear. }
 To drink or eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn: }
 And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn. }
 Some distant parts of Italy are known,
 Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
 On theatres of turf, in homely state,
 Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
 And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
 The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
 And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights.
 Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
 Are plain alike; the same simplicity, }
 Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see. }

In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country-bumkin the same livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purse we go,
For uselefs ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are fold, and fold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious God,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his first down, and when he pulls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store
 (Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
 Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
 Are drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
 For if the lowest floors already burn,
 Cock-loft and garrets soon will take the turn.
 Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
 Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
 That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
 His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
 Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd.
 And, to support this noble plate, there lay
 A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
 His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
 Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
 Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
 And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
 Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
 And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the palace of Arturius burn,
 The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
 The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
 The very name of fire we hate and fear:
 And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
 While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
 Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:

One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
 With naked statues of the Parian stone,
 The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
 While others images for altars give;
 One books and skreens, and Pallas to the breast;
 Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
 Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
 Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
 Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
 That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

But, could you be content to bid adieu
 To the dear play-house, and the players too:
 Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
 With lands and gardens, at less price than here
 You hire a darksome doghole by the year. }
 A small convenience decently prepar'd,
 A shallow well that rises in your yard,
 That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
 And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
 There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
 'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground
 In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
 Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry. }
 What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
 When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
 So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
 And hence the sources of diseases come.

The drover who his fellow-drover meets
 In narrow passages of winding streets;
 The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
 Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
 And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
 But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
 In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
 Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
 The prefs before him stop the client's pace.
 The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
 And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
 One elbows him, one jostles in the shoal:
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens,
 wait.

Huge pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the loan:
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad,
 Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
 Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
 For, should their axle break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below:
 Nor friends their friends, nor fires their sons could know:

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcases would remain:
 But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
 One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
 Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
 The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
 And oil them first; and each is handy in his way. }
 But he, for whom this busy care they take,
 Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
 Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
 His passage begs with unregarded prayer:
 And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.

Return we to the dangers of the night;
 And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:
 From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
 And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
 Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty }
 stone.

'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
 Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
 As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
 To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
 The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
 Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
 Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
 Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:

'Tis

'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and fix,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuf't your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguiship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain:
 But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
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For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuf't your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguiship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
 To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
 When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
 And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
 The ruffian-robbers by no justice aw'd,
 And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
 Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
 To save complaints and persecution, kill.
 Chac'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
 To this vast city, as their native home;
 To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
 Our iron-mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
 Goats for the teams, and plough-shares for the plough.
 Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
 Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
 One jail did all their criminals restrain;
 Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.

More I could say, more causes I could show
 For my departure; but the sun is low:
 The waggoner grows weary of my stay;
 And whips his horses forwards on their way.
 Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
 You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
 To take a mouthful of sweet country-air,
 Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
 What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
 Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
 And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE

T H E
S I X T H S A T I R E
O F
J U V E N A L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

THIS satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. It is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest raileries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where
he

he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with so much violence so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore

fore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippias, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. These who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only, for their vast dowries, are rather suffered than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as the French is now with us). That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are sluttish with their husbands in private;

private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husbands sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to shew the occasion of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule: and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
 There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
 When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
 The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
 When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread }
 By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
 And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head. }
 Unlike the niceness of our modern dames
 (Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
 The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
 Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
 Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
 Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
 Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
 And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
 For when the world was bucksome, fresh, and young,
 Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
 And

And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or, if a fire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
E'en under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A sober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap):
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?

He

He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
 Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
 Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
 When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
 But still Urfidius courts the marriage-bait,
 Longs for a son, to settle his estate,
 And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
 Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.
 What revolution can appear so strange,
 As such a leacher, such a life to change?
 A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
 'To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
 He who so often in a dreadful fright
 Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's fight,
 That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
 Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
 The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
 Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
 But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
 To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
 And let him every deity adore,
 If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
 In head and tail, and every other pore.
 On Ceres' feast restrain'd from their delight,
 Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night:
 Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
 Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
 With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
 Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.

Think'ft

Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She sooner with one eye would be content.

And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'st thou to chuse a wife resort,
The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.

One sees a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure extasy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the finger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks-in passion both at eyes and ears.

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.

Trage-

Tragedians, acting love, for lust are fought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.

Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To slew one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to them all, but constant to her kind,
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.

Were

Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
 What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
 Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
 The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
 But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
 Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
 Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
 And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord. }
 Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
 What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boast?
 What was the face, for which she could sustain
 To be call'd mistress to so base a man?

The gallant, of his days had known the best: }
 Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
 And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest. }

A promontory wen, with grievous grace,
 Stood high, upon the handle of his face:

His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
 His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
 But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
 'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
 But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
 Her lover would begin to be her lord.

This was a private crime; but you shall hear
 What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
 The good old fluggard but began to snore,
 When from his side uprose th' imperial whore:
 She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night
 To pomps, that are but impotent delight:

Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
 To cope with a more masculine embrace:
 Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
 Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
 One whom in secret service she could trust;
 The rival and companion of her lust.
 To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
 And for a nasty room gives double pay;
 That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
 Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
 With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,
 And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
 At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
 And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
 She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
 With a repining sigh submits to fate:
 All filth without, and all a fire within,
 Tir'd with the toil, unfated with the sin.
 Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
 The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
 In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
 She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
 With all their trumpery of charms beside;
 And all their arts of death: it would be known
 Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
 Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
 Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
 And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.

She

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters fast:
He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the faucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord.

Meantime she's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old china-ware:

But is none worthy to be made a wife
 In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
 Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
 Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
 Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers arms:
 Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
 In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
 Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
 A black swan is not half so rare a bird.

A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
 What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
 Some country-girl, scarce to a curtesey bred,
 Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
 If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
 She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
 Away with all your Carthaginian state,
 Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
 Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
 Against my wife, and let my children go:
 But fullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
 His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
 Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boast,
 As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
 The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
 So great a price? If stately and severe,
 She still insults, and you must still adore;
 Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.

Upbraided

Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
 Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praise:
 Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
 For what so nauseous and affected too,
 As those that think they due perfection want,
 Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
 In Greece their whole accomplishments they seek:
 Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
 But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
 They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
 In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
 Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
 Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
 Such affectations may become the young;
 But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
 Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
 Ζῆλον καὶ ψυχὴν! All those tender words
 The momentary trembling blifs affords,
 The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
 Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
 Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
 They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
 But all provocatives from thee are vain:
 No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.
 If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
 What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
 Why all the charges of thy nuptial feast,
 Wine and desserts, and sweet-meats to digest?
 Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
 Giv'n for their first and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
 Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
 But for no mercy from thy woman look.
 For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
 To absolute dominion she aspires;
 Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
 The better husband makes the wife the worse.
 Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
 All offices of ancient friendship die;
 Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
 By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
 A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
 Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
 Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
 Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

Go drag that slave to death: your reason, why
 Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
 What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
 The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
 Call'st thou that slave a man, the wife replies:
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
 I have the sovereign power to save or kill;
 And give no other reason but my will.

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change,
 Her wild affections to new empires range:
 Another subject-husband she desires,
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
 While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
 And garlands hang yet green upon the door.

So still the reckoning rises; and appears,
 In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
 The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
 But that it would too commonly be writ.

Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
 She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
 Her husband bare, and then divides the prey. }
 She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
 And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
 In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
 She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
 The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
 Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
 The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
 Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
 Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
 Should teach her other manners than her own?
 Her interest is in all th' advice she gives:
 'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.

No cause is try'd at the litigious bar,
 But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
 They form the process, all the briefs they write;
 The topics furnish, and the pleas indite; }
 And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.

They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
 They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
 Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
 Flourish the sword, and at the flastron push.
 Of every exercise the mannish crew
 Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;

Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
 But rout the gladiators on the stage.
 What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
 Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?
 Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
 To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
 For frothy praises and an empty name.
 Oh what a decent fight 'tis to behold
 All thy wife's magazine by auction sold!
 The belt, the crusted plume, the several suits
 Of armour, and the Spanish leather-boots!
 Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
 Of figur'd silks, and under farcenet sweat.
 Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
 She stands in guard with her right-foot before:
 Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
 She stamps, and then cries hah! at every thrust
 The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
 Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
 Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
 The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
 Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
 Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
 Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first;
 Thy servants are accus'd; thy whore is curst;
 She acts the jealous, and at will she cries:
 For womens' tears are but the sweat of eyes.
 Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
 And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:

But

But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find

Each tiller there with love-epistles lin'd.

Suppose her taken in a close embrace,

This you would think so manifest a case,

No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face;

And yet, ev'n then, she cries, the marriage-vow

A mental reservation must allow;

And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,

The parties should be pleas'd on either side:

And both may for their private needs provide.

Though men yourselves, and women us you call,

Yet *homo* is a common name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;

Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?

Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,

Our matrons were: no luxury found room

In low-rooft houses, and bare walls of lome;

Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,

A frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night,

While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them
straight;

When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:

But wanton now and lolling at our ease,

We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,

And wasteful riot, whose destructive charms

Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms.

No crime, no lustful postures are unknown;

Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:

Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,

Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:

Since

Since gold obscene, and silver, found the way,
 Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple manners to betray.

What care our drunken dames to whom they spread?
 Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
 Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
 For hot eringoes and fat oysters call:
 Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
 Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
 When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
 And double tapers on the tables dance.

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
 What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
 At Modesty's old statue; when by night
 They make a stand, and from their litters light;
 The good man early to the levee goes,
 And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the goddess nam'd the good,
 Are ev'n by boys and barbers understood:
 Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
 Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
 With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
 And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare:
 Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
 For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
 Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife;
 'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
 So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
 That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.

Impa-

Impatient of delay, a general found,
And universal groan of lust, goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found. }
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.

The whorefons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:

But 'tis well known what finger, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;

Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,

Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;

A grateful present to those holy choirs,

Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires;

And ev'n male-pictures modestly are vail'd,

Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;

No scoffers at religious rites are found;

Though now, at every altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,

Keep close your women under lock and key:

But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurst

In craft: begin with those, and bribe them first.

The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:

And mistresses and maids are both the same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,

Will borrow cloaths, and chair, to see the play:

She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,

And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.

Some

Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
 But women have no shame of poverty.
 They live beyond their stint; as if their store,
 The more exhausted, would increase the more:
 Some men, instructed by the labouring ant,
 Provide against th' extremities of want;
 But womankind, that never knows a mean,
 Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
 And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
 Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
 His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
 With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
 Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
 And make love to it, in the master's place.

A certain lady once, of high degree,
 To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
 That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
 Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
 She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have done
 For a sick husband, or an only son?
 With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
 The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
 The forms of prayer she solemnly pursues:
 And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
 Answer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
 Your godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all; for actors they implore:
 An impudence not known to heaven before,

Th'

Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.
But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endless itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others say.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
And who is jilted for another's sake.

What pregnant widow in what month was made,
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys,
Still for the newest news she lies in wait;
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever she can meet,
She spreads, and is the fame of every street.

This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curse;
For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No prayer can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge: by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.

Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
 Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
 At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
 Swallows a swining preparation-cup;
 And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
 The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
 And the four savour nauseates every nose.
 She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
 Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:
 But mutters many a curse against his wife;
 And damns himself for chusing such a life.

But of all the plagues, the greatest is untold;
 The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
 The critic-dame, who at her table sits:
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
 She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
 The prating pedant puts not in one word:
 The man of law is non-plust in his suit;
 Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
 Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
 And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
 Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
 Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
 Ev'n wit 's a burthen, when it talks too long:
 But she who has no continence of tongue,
 Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
 And mix among the philosophic herd.
 O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
 Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!

Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle, grows;
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.
The gaudy gossip, when she's fet agog,
In jewel's drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses, and, is stuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly foe'r she looks at home. }
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment,

But

But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a fore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers every sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.

The

The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;
The rest are fummon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A giants she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Meanwhile, her husband's whole estate is spent!
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.

Bellona's priests, an Eunuch at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance,
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
And dire presages of the year foretels.
Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blast,

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T

And

And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest:
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Through you they beat, and plunge into the stream,
 If so the God has warn'd them in a dream.
 Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng. }
 Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
 A pilgrimage to Mero's burning sand,
 Through deserts they would seek the secret spring;
 A holy water for lustration bring.
 How can they pay their priests too much respect,
 Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
 With him, domestic Gods discourse by night:
 By day, attended by his choir in white,
 The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
 The ghostly fire forgives the wife's delights,
 Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
 And tempts her husband in the holy time,
 When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
 The sweating image shakes his head, but he
 With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.
 The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No

No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
 A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
 And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she,
 Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
 And prophecies beneath a shady tree.

Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
 She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
 Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
 Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
 Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
 And sees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.

Such toys, a pigeon's intrails can disclose:
 Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
 In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
 And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
 For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
 For gain will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
 What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
 Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
 Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
 And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
 Believes what fond astrologers relate.

Of these the most in vogue is he who, sent
 Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
 His art who to aspiring Otho sold;
 And sure succession to the crown foretold.
 For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.

No astrologic wizard honour gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
 He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
 When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
 Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
 But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
 And, what's the greatest gift that heaven can give,
 If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
 She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
 If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
 Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
 Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who in these studies does herself delight,
 By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
 With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she
 Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
 She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
 If but a mile she travel out of town,
 The planetary hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
 Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
 No nourishment receives in her disease,
 But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.
 The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
 To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
 Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

But

But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if she shall take
The trusty taylor, and the cook forsake.

Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-slaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for favin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'st be father to an Æthiop's son.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, should he cross the way,
His omen would discolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:

Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
 And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
 Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
 Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
 Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
 And makes provision for him, as her own.

The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
 And philtres for th' unable husband buys:
 The potion works not on the part design'd;
 But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
 The fotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own business by another done:
 A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
 Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
 Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
 Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
 Who, plucking from the forehead of the sole
 His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
 The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
 Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
 The Thunderer was not half so much on fire,
 When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
 What woman will not use the poisoning trade,
 When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made;
 Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
 Giv'n to a flavering, old, unuseful sot;
 That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
 And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
 But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
 Nor spares the common, when it strikes the lord.

So many mischiefs were in one combin'd ;
So much one single poisoner cost mankind.

If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will :

But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware :
Beware the food she reaches with her hand ;
The morsel is intended for thy land.

Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat ;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd ; the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage ;
Forgets his business is to laugh and bite ;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read ;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.

I (the confessor) in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
What two ! Two sons, thou viper, in one day !
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.

Medea's legend is no more a lye ;

One age adds credit to antiquity.

Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done : but not for gain.

Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge, pursue.

For, weak of reason, impotent of will,

The sex is hurry'd headlong into ill :

And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,

By raging earthquakes, into seas, is borne.

But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.

Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in every street:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

T H E
T E N T H S A T I R E
O F
J U V E N A L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears

So

So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possess,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshal'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest :
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times :
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes :
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear :
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.

What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty ;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back :
A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest :
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head :
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight :

A slave

A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
 To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
 And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
 With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
 Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
 A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
 In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
 But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
 Sufficient cause to laugh at human-kind:
 Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
 With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
 May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
 And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
 At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
 An equal temper in his mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envy'd power; which public hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
 Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
 Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
 The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
 The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
 The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
 While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
 Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
 The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:

Form'd

Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.

}

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:

Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty, and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
face,

The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our

Our wise fore-fathers, great by sea and land,
 Had once the power and absolute command;
 All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
 Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
 depos'd.

But we, who give our native rights away,
 And our enslav'd posterity betray,
 Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
 On holidays to see a puppet-show.

There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
 For warrants are already issued out;
 I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in fight:
 I fear the rage of our offended prince,
 Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
 Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
 And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
 But let our slaves be present there, lest they
 Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
 Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
 About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy fate
 To be, like him, first minister of state?
 To have thy levees crowded with resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, fervile court:
 Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
 Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
 To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
 That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
 While he, intent on secret lust alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;

Coop'd

Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!

I well believe, thou would'st be great as he;

For every man's a fool to that degree;

All wish the dire prerogative to kill;

Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:

But would'st thou have thy wishes understood,

To take the bad together with the good,

Would'st thou not rather chuse a small renown,

To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,

Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;

To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?

Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray

In every wish, and knew not how to pray:

For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store

Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,

Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,

Which, mouldering, crush'd him underneath the weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?

It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,

The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;

And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:

What else but his immoderate lust of power,

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?

For few usurpers to the shades descend

By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down

To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,

(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,

He and his fatchel must be borne to school,)

Yet

Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose.

“ Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
“ Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom.”
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippick fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His fire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fal'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,

On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And fighting casts a mournful look below ;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame :
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood ;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward ?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude :
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyfs, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay ;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh ;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way ;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast :

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U

And

And with corroding juices, as he went,
 A passage through the living rocks he rent.
 Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
 He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
 In three victorious battles over-run;
 Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
 Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
 And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
 Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
 His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
 A sign-post dawber would disdain to paint
 The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
 Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say
 What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
 In one deciding battle overcome,
 He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
 Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
 Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
 Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
 Distinguish'd from the herd of human-kind,
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind! }
 Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
 Are doom'd t'avenge the tedious bloody war;
 But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
 Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
 Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
 To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
 Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
 And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
 The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
 Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
 The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
 "Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
 "The mighty soul, how small a body holds."

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
 Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
 Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
 The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
 Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
 Drank at an army's dinner, to the lees;
 With a long legend of romantic things,
 Which in his cups the browfy poet sings.
 But how did he return, this haughty brave,
 Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
 (Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
 And Eurys never such hard usage found
 In his Æolian prison under ground);
 What God so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
 So merciless a tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he, let us ask again?
 In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
 Choak'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train
 For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
 He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.

Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
 Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.

Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,

A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.

A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can chear
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?

No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he fits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleagu'ed round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippias wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

}

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
 But all his faculties decay'd, are worse!
 His servants names he has forgotten quite;
 Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night,
 Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
 Or his will knows them not: for, in their stead,
 In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
 Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
 So lewd and such a batter'd brothel-whore,
 That she defies all comers, at her door.
 Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
 He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
 Before his face his wife and brother burns;
 He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
 These are the fines he pays for living long;
 And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
 Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
 Sad poms: a threshold throng'd with daily biers;
 And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
 Was longest-liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
 Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
 His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
 Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
 But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At Fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
 Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister drew.
 When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
 He saw extended, and his beard on fire;

He

He turn'd, and, weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongst his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heaven so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.

But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble fire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At least he dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Cræsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!

High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have beg'd his fate;
'Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:
But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, though a traitor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her carnel-back.

But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!

Form,

Form, join'd with virtue, is a sight too rare:
 Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
 Suppose the same traditionary strain
 Of rigid manners, in the house remain;
 Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
 Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
 Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
 And blush'd a modest blood into his face,
 (For Nature is a better guardian far,
 Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
 Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
 (So much almighty bribes, and presents, can;)
 Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
 Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king
 Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
 Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
 E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
 Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
 With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
 Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became. }
 Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
 To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst;
 His form procures him journey-work; a strife
 Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
 Guests, when he undertakes this public war,
 What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beset;
 Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;

And

And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
 Worfe handling, than severest laws provide:
 One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
 Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fac'd
 boy,

Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
 Not so: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
 Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
 Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths;
 She keeps him high, in equipage and cloaths:
 She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
 And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
 In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
 But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
 Good observator, not so fast away:
 Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
 Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
 And was not t' other stripling forc'd to fly,
 Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
 And pleaded laws of hospitality? }
 The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
 With shame they redden'd, and with spite grew pale.
 'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
 She loses pity, who has lost her shame.

Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
 Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
 Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
 And takes a fatal liking to his face.

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
 The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
 The genial bed is in the garden drest:
 The portion paid, and every rite express'd,
 Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.
 'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
 She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
 In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse,
 Is present death, besides the night you lose:
 If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
 A day or two of anxious life you gain:
 Till loud reports through all the town have past,
 And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
 Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
 For not to take is but the self-same thing:
 Inevitable death before thee lies;
 But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.

}

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
 Receive my counsel, and securely move;
 Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
 Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
 Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
 Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
 Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

}

Yet

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is Virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE
SIXTEENTH SATIRE
OF

J U V E N A L.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this satire, proves, that the condition of a foldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a foldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he has heard in the court: The foldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!

For, if into a lucky camp I light,

Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,

Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:

}
One

One happy hour is to a foldier better,
 Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
 Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
 My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are:
 As, first, no saucy citizen should dare
 To strike a foldier, nor, when struck, resent
 The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
 Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
 Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
 Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
 Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
 A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
 Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
 Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
 The brawls of foldiers to the trench and line:
 A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
 That officers a foldier's cause should hear:
 And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
 An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
 So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
 The regiment will rise in mutiny,
 The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
 And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
 Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
 The remedy is worse than the disease:
 This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
 Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
 But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
 (Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy own)

Would'st

Would'st thou, to run the gauntlet, these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?

Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their shins.

Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy business to defend?

Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.

Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.

Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lye,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.

If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
Those bounds, which with possession and with prayer,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:

Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,

Till

Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowfy, and goes out to pifs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious fuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their father, yet alive, impower'd to make a will. }
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

P E R S I U S.

Vol. XXIV.

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T H E
F I R S T S A T I R E
O F

P E R S I U S.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

THE design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

F I R S T S A T I R E.

I Never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
 Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
 Nor can remember when my brain, inspir'd,
 Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
 My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
 And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
 Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
 To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
 Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
 Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
 Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down. }
 Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
 'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
 Want taught their masters, and their masters these,
 Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry wtlings have it in their eye;
 Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
 You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

Need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill-placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

THE
FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or
MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy fatires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
" Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."

But

But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
 But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
 Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
 On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
 From the first pastimes of our infant-age,
 To elder cares, and man's severer page;
 When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
 We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
 Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
 But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.
Friend. Once more forbear.

Perfius. I cannot rule my spleen;
 My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
 In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
 Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
 The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
 All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
 Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
 They comb, and then they order every hair:
 A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear: }
 A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
 Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
 They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
 From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
 And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
 The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
 With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
 And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
 The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.

At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?

And

And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?

In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense, to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part, to bear,

Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed

In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)

Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,

Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:

But this I cannot grant, that thy applause

Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;

For mark what vanity within it lies.

Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found

Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:

Such little elegies as nobles write,

Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.

Them and their woeful works the Muse despises:

Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart

To make a supper, with a fine dessert:

And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me
friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)

What says the world of me and of my Muse?

The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news :
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back :
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst of an Apulian bitch :
But noble scribblers are with flattery fed ;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow :
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to rise, and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who, for false quantities, was whipt at school
But t' other day, and breaking grammar-rule,

Whose

Whose trivial art was never try'd above
The brave description of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praise the country store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themselves }
before.

Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whose shining plough-share was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant }
plough.

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar;
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-eyed fathers teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly stile
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their feat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.

Are

Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
 Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently:
 Theft (says th' accuser) to thy charge I lay,
 O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius say?
 Studious to please the genius of the times,
 With periods, points, and tropes, he flurs his crimes:
 "He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
 "And took but with intention to restore."
 He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
 'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
 Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
 To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
 Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
 Would'st thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
 An alms? What's more preposterous than to see
 A merry beggar? Mirth in Misery?

Persius. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
 And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
 Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
 "'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
 "The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
 "The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
 "Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
 "Apennine."

Persius. All this is doggrel stuff.

Friend. What if I bring
 A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

Persius. Why name you Virgil with such fops as
 these?

He's truly great, and must for ever please:

Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing regards, and bended head?

Perfius. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian
" crew

" With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
" The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
" found."

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Perfius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let them be;
All, is admirably well, for me.

My

My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
Of common-shores, and every pissing-place.
Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse control'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses ears."
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flashy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;

He,

He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
 Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
 And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
 Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
 On this my honest work, though writ in homely stile:
 And if two lines or three in all the vein
 Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
 May they perform their author's just intent,
 Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 But from the reading of my book and me,
 Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
 Who Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
 Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
 Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
 The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
 When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
 Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate:
 Whose power extends no farther than to speak
 Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
 Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
 Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
 Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
 And, with his foot, the sacred dust destroys:
 Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
 A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
 Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
 But when the business of the day is done,
 On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their }
 afternoon.

THE

T H E
S E C O N D S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

THIS satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Micrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in shewing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with

with themselves. He shews the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addressees made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his
BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auspicious morning be express
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.

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Y

Give

Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!

O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Nerius's third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash th' obscenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd?
Would'st thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Statius chose?
Which of the two would thy wife head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan-heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Statius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villainy!

And

And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and sacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appease the God,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin:
Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands

For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
 Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
 Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
 We teach the Gods, in reason, to refuse.
 Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
 Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
 Would stop the grant: the very over-care
 And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
 Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
 To compass wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
 To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
 Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
 And think'st that, when the fatten'd flames aspire,
 Thou seest th' accomplishment of thy desire!
 Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
 The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
 And showers of gold come pouring in amain! }
 Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
 Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present them with rare figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
 Thou measur'st by thyself the Powers Divine;
 Thy Gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.
 Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
 Whose humble statues are content with brass,
 Should some of these, in visions purg'd from phlegm,
 Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
 Ev'n those thou would'st in veneration hold;
 And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.

The

The priests in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen-ware;
Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the Gods.
Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE
 THIRD SATIRE
 OF
 PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the stoick philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or præceptor, in this admirable satire; where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow-students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of
 their

their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was "The Reproach of Idleness;" though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, "Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the reverend Doctor Busby.]

IS this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My cloaths make haste: why then! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
 And parchment with the smother side display'd;
 He takes the papers; lays them down again;
 And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
 Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
 His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
 Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
 It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
 Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
 Go back to what thy infancy began,
 Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
 Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
 Be fullen, and refuse the lullaby.
 No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
 On native sloth, and negligence of time.
 Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
 Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
 Beware the public laughter of the town;
 Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
 A flaw is in thy ill bak'd vessel found;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
 Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
 Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
 The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
 By a just title; costly furniture;
 A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
 What need of learning, when a man's at ease?

If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown:
There boast they horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow center, to the utmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
bright:

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full

Of

Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
 The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
 Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
 Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
 Did with less dread, and more securely dine
 Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
 And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
 Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
 Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
 Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school:
 Averse from pains, and loath to learn the part
 Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
 Though much my master, that stern virtue prais'd,
 Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
 And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to see
 His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
 And dextrously to throw the lucky fice:
 To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
 And watch the box, for fear they should convey
 False bones, and put upon me in the play.
 Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
 And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
 What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
 Thou in the stoick-porch, severely bred,
 Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
 There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
 The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.

Where

Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rouz'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is dissolv'd, as is thy mind.

Haft thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Haft thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore*?
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages, and extends the skin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind,
Study thyself: what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.

Pray

Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require.
 Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
 What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
 Learn this; and after, envy not the store
 Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
 Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
 And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
 To whom the Marfians more provision send,
 Than he and all his family can spend.
 Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
 And potted fowl, and fish, come in so fast,
 That ere the first is out, the second stinks:
 And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
 But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
 Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
 Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
 And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
 Damme, what-e'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
 Solon's the veryest fool in all the play.
 Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
 (As over-ballasted within the crown!)
 Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
 Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
 Meer madmen's dreams: for what the schools have
 taught,
 Is only this, that nothing can be brought
 From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to
 nought.

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.

The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.

Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:

The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:

Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.

He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:

Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.

Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.

'Tis nothing, says the fool: but, says the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.

Do I not see your dropfy belly swell?
 Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I 'm well.
 I have already bury'd two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
 And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.
 I 've done, says the physician; take your course.
 The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
 His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
 Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
 His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
 And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
 Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
 Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
 Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
 Our dear departed brother lies in state,
 His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
 And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master
 wait.
 They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
 And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
 But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
 My body is from all diseases free:
 My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
 Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet:
 These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.

Or

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.

I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not found.

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold fallad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:

What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy pallat sore?

That bete and radishes will make thee roar?

Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;

Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:

Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,

As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.

And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,

The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;

When fed with fuel and with flames below.

With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,

Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;

That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,

Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE
FOURTH SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble Poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskillfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his *Pharsalia*; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived

arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators, before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unraveled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,

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Z

What

What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
 To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
 Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
 That parts and prudence should prevent the beard):
 'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
 Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
 Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
 When the mad people rise against the state,
 To look them into duty: and command
 An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
 Then to bespeak them thus: Athenians, know
 Against right reason all your counsels go;
 This is not fair; nor profitable that;
 Nor t'other question proper for debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
 And give each argument its proper weight:
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
 Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
 And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail. }
 And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
 Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, ere the time to please:
 Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares,
 Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
 Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
 Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain;
 Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy }
 brain.

What

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care, }
 In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
 And, then, to sun thyself in open air. }

Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
 A good old woman would have said as much.
 But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boast
 Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most:
 Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
 A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild:
 She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
 And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
 The secret imperfections of his mind:
 But every one is eagle-ey'd, to see
 Another's faults, and his deformity.
 Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
 Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
 Cover the country, that a failing kite
 Can scarce o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
 Him dost thou mean, who, spight of all his store,
 Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
 Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
 To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
 Ever a glutton at another's cost,
 But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
 Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
 A verier hind than any of his knaves?
 Born with the curse and anger of the Gods,
 And that indulgent genius he defrauds?

At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day,
 When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
 And better Ceres; trembling to approach
 The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
 He, says the wimble, often draws it back,
 And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
 To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
 Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
 Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
 A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.

Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's a dream
 Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
 'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;
 To bask thy naked body in the sun;
 Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
 Then, in the spacious garden, walk awhile,
 To suck the moisture up, and soak it in:
 And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
 But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
 Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.
 The depilation of thy modest part:
 Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
 His engine-hand, and every lewder art. }
 When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
 Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
 With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
 And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
 Of these thy barbers take a costly care,
 While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not

Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smoothe the roughness of thy shameful parts.
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art found and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee fullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the croud.

But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;

If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back thy cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy foul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

T H E
F I F T H S A T I R E
O F
P E R S I U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the rest, answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Doctor Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the

distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From whence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that only the wise or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

Inscribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and
tongues:

Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'st thou these mighty morsels chuse,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muse?
Let fastian poets, with their stuff, be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:

Gentle

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
 To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
 Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
 Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
 Ragoufts for Tereus or Thyestes drest;
 'Tis task enough for thee t' expose a Roman feast.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
 In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
 With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
 As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
 And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
 And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the
 naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
 Yet never could be worthily exprest,
 How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
 When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
 And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
 When now my golden bulla (hung on high
 To household Gods) declar'd me past a boy;
 And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty:
 When with my wild companions, I could roll
 From street to street, and sin without control;
 Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
 I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.

On

On thy wife bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for spices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state;
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:

Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
 Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
 Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
 To make the stoick institutes thy own:
 Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
 And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome truth.
 From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
 The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
 And to to-morrow would the search delay:
 His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.
 That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
 And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
 For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
 And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
 Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
 Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
 O freedom! first delight of human kind!
 Not that which bondmen from their masters find,

The

The privilege of doles : not yet t' inscribe
 Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe :
 That false enfranchisement with ease is found :
 Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
 How, replies one, can any be more free ?
 Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
 Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside ;
 So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd ;
 But, with a turn, a freeman he became ;
 Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
 Good Gods ! who would refuse to lend a sum,
 If wealthy Marcus surety will become !
 Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
 Of certain truth, He said, it is enough.
 A will is to be prov'd ; put in your claim ;
 'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
 This is true liberty, as I believe :
 What can we farther from our caps receive,
 Than as we please without control to live ?
 Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
 Hold, says the stoick, your assumption's wrong :
 I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd :
 But, living as you list, and to your mind,
 And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
 What, since the prætor did my fetters loose,
 And left me freely at my own dispose,
 May I not live without control and awe,
 Excepting still the letter of the law ?

Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
 From those fond notions of false liberty :

'Tis

'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow
 True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
 What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
 He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
 Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
 As well he for an ass a harp might string,
 Which is against the reason of the thing;
 For reason still is whispering in your ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
 No need of public functions this to bind,
 Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
 Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou should'st try
 To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
 The rules of physic would against thee cry.
 The high-shoe'd ploughman, should he quit the land,
 To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
 Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
 The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
 And think all shame was lost in human kind.
 Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the
 skill,
 So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
 Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
 What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
 And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
 This to condemn, and that to ratify?
 When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
 But never craving, or oppress'd with care?

The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
 And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
 When thou can'st truly call these virtues thine,
 Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately, of the common strain,
 Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
 The same ill habits, the same follies too,
 Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
 Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
 Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.

Thou canst not wag my finger, or begin
 "The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
 No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
 Can ever make a madman free, or wise.

"Virtue and vice are never in one soul:

"A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."

A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
 Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?

Canst thou no other master understand

Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?

Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,

With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,

To servile duties, thou would'st fear no more;

The gallows and the whip are out of door.

But

But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
 Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress?
 Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
 The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes:
 What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
 Why, rise, make ready, and go straight abroad:
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
 And with post-haste thy running markets make. }
 Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear;
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma 's even:
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
 Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:
 Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
 Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
 And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
 What dost thou make a ship-board? to what end?
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
 On a brown george, with lowly fwobbers fed,

Dead

Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think, when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.

She knows her man, and, when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair.

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues!
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.

Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from lust and self,
Lies to the prætor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share:
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies tails, in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee: lest the Gods, for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlick-heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much
As a clipt fixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

T H E

S I X T H S A T I R E

O F

P E R S I U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading
a vir-

a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shews the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?

Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?

Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?

Great

Great master of the Muse, inspir'd to sing
 The beauties of the first-created spring;
 The pedigree of Nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
 Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
 Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
 Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
 More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
 And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,
 I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
 Where cliffs on either sides their points display;
 And, after, opening in an ampler way,
 Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.

'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
 The port of Luna says our learned Bard;
 Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
 The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
 Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
 Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
 And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state,
 And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
 Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
 What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
 Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
 When I behold a larger crop than mine:
 To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
 Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;

Nor

Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
 My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
 Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
 Of cask; nor in a nasty flaggon drink;
 Let others stuff their guts with homely fare;
 For men of different inclinations are;
 Though born perhaps beneath one common star.

}

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
 In the same sign, almost the same degree:
 One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
 Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
 And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
 Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
 He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
 His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
 Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expence,
 Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.

}

}

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
 Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
 Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
 If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.

Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
 And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
 Next harvest promises as much, or more.

}

Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
 And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
 My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
 His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;

}

And he himself stands shivering on the coast;

Where,

Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the reliëts of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away;
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unfinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their fallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?

And

And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend? th' express is come
 With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
 Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
 My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
 From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
 Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving-day.
 The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
 Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
 And, setting her good housewifery aside,
 Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
 The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
 Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
 The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boast,
 Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done
 In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
 For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
 I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
 Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
 Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
 Say, would'st thou hinder me from this expence;
 I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
 Yet more, a public largess I design
 Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
 Control me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
 You give as if you were the Persian king:
 Your land does not so large revenues bring.

Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
 If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:
 Were none of all my father's sisters left:
 Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
 None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
 Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
 I need but take my journey half a day
 From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
 Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
 Him will I choose: What! him of humble birth,
 Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?
 Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
 My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too.
 If farther I derive my pedigree,
 I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
 The rest of my forgotten ancestors
 Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet, why would'st thou, old covetous wretch,
 aspire

To be my heir, who might'st have been my fire?
 In Nature's race, should'st thou demand of me
 My torch, when I in course run after thee?
 Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
 With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
 Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
 But take it as it is, and ask no more.
 What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
 Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
 Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:

The

The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.
How little then to my poor share will fall!
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out thy principal in trusty hands:
Live on the use; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend!
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my fallads, boy: shall I be fed
With foddren nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to
pole:

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!

How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more. }
Then say, Chrysippus, thou who would'st confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

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